Shepard of Aintab

Alice Shepard Riggs

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HARUN
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MERSIN
BUSUKCHE R.
KILIS
ALEXANDRETTA
SYRIAN GATES
GULF OF ALEXANDRETTA
AMANUS MTS
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MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ORONTES R.
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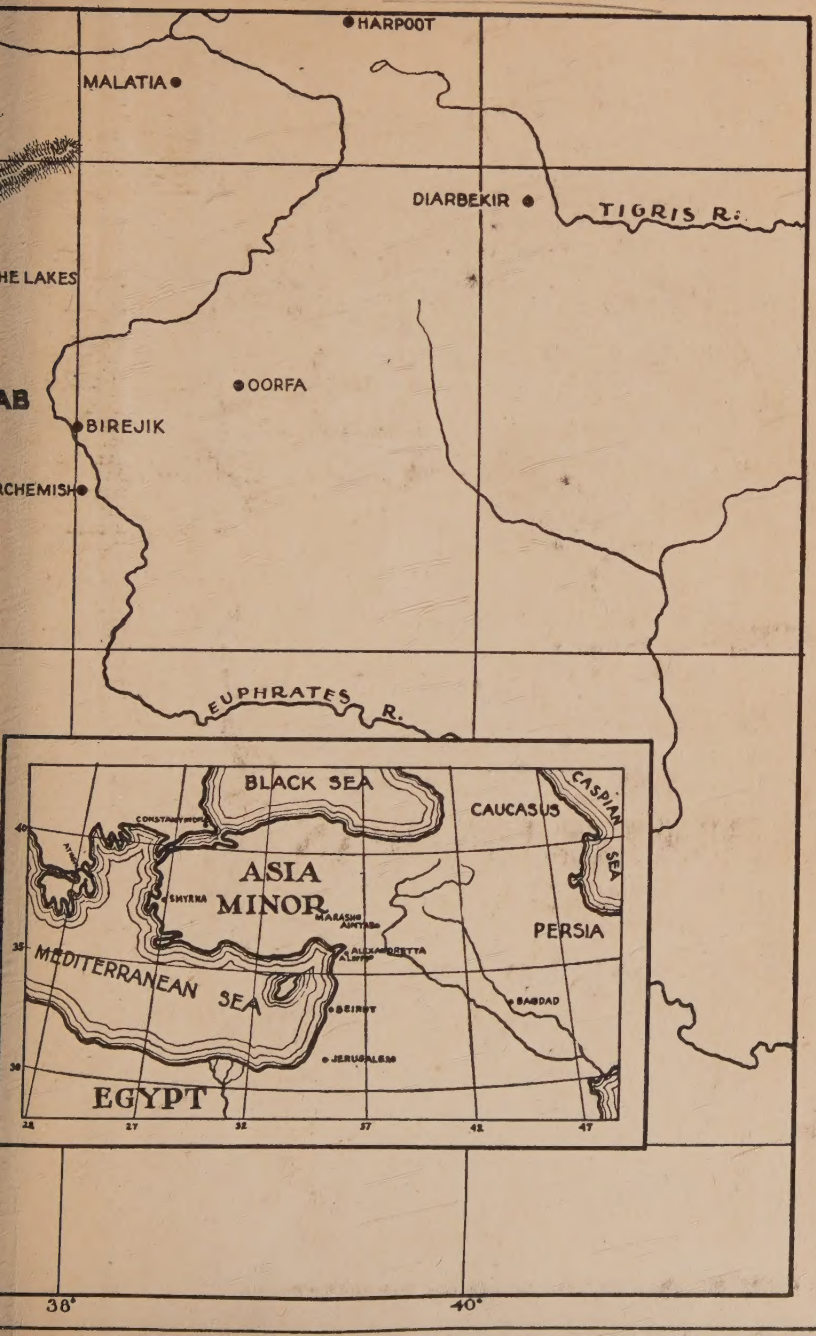
BEIRUT
SCALE OF MILES
DAMASCUS
34°
36°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CAUCASUS
CASPIAN SEA
CONSTANTINOPLE
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ASIA MINOR
MARASHO
AINTAB
ALEXANDRETTA
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PERSIA
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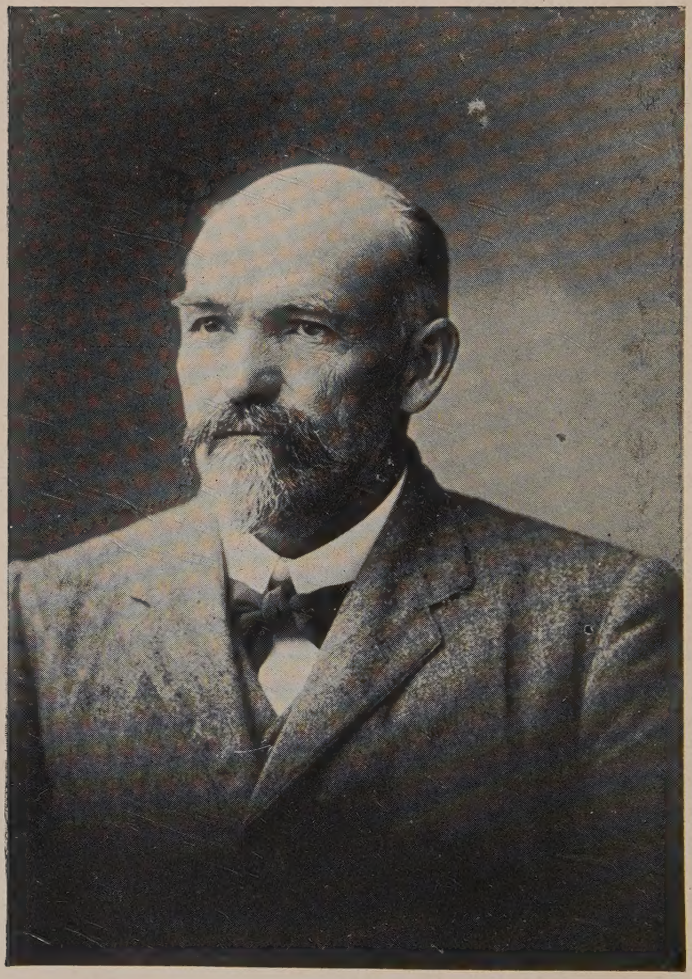


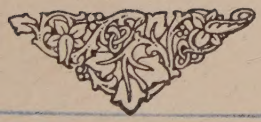
DR. FRED DOUGLAS SHEPARD

"SHEPARD OF AINTAB"

SHEPARD OF AINTAB

BY

ALICE SHEPARD RIGGS



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UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
JAN 12 1959

To

LORRIN ANDREWS SHEPARD

WHO HAS TAKEN UP THE
NOBLE TASK WHERE HIS
FATHER LAID IT DOWN

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PREFACE

THERE is nothing which so stirs the blood and inspires one with the desire to live a life that shall count for something as reading the life of a man who so lived. The new glimpses of my father's life, coming to me from one and another of those whose lives he touched, have brought new inspiration as I have woven them, together with my own memories, into the story told in this volume.

It would be impossible in a short preface to acknowledge my indebtness to all who have helped in the preparation of this book. Much of the material has been taken from the briefer sketch bearing the same title, issued by the American Board, and written by Mr. Fred B. Goodsell, one of Dr. Shepard's younger associates. Other associates who have furnished many facts and incidents are Dr. Caroline F. Hamilton, Mrs. Isabel Trowbridge Merrill, Miss Isabel Blake, and Mrs. Alice Bewer Daghlian. The stories told in the words of an Armenian friend were furnished

by Mr. Arslanian, a graduate of Central Turkey College.

The tales told of the real boy and the heroic struggle of the young man for an education have been made possible by the early memories of Dr. Shepard's younger sister, Mrs. Alice Shepard Fuller, supplemented by the later memories of my mother. Indeed, my mother has not only furnished many facts which could have been secured in no other way, but has patiently listened to a reading of the whole manuscript, correcting and enriching it throughout.

The out-of-door stories of hunting and camping have been furnished by my brother, Dr. Lorrin Shepard, who was his father's companion in these recreations and who listened to the inimitable yarns told by him of his own boyhood days.

Much of the material of the book has been taken from the doctor's own words in letters, hospital reports, and other accounts of his work. The "Postlude" is quoted from the *Missionary Herald.*

But the truest and most lasting record of the life of "Shepard of Aintab" is written in the hearts of the people of Asia Minor, with whom the name "Shippet," as they pronounced it, is

revered alike by all races and creeds. To those who knew him, any attempt to picture a life so vividly alive must seem futile; but if this simple story of a consecrated life shall inspire others to undertake similar great tasks abroad for the King, the purpose of the book will have been attained.

ALICE SHEPARD RIGGS.

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.
March 23d, 1920.

PRELUDE

IT was to be the biggest affair of the kind that the city of Aintab had ever seen, and the city of Aintab was given to affairs of the kind. Protestants, Gregorians, Catholics, and Moslems for once had all joined forces to make the affair a success. Twenty-five years before, on October 10, 1882, Dr. Shepard had ridden into Aintab with his bride. There was to be a big celebration in the church, with a private dinner afterward in the fine new dispensary building. Rugs, pictures, and flowers, brought from the missionaries' homes, decorated the halls and rooms, which had been thrown open to make one huge salon. The missionaries, the college faculty and their wives, the pastors, and several doctors were the invited guests. There would be after-dinner speeches, and the toastmaster had a surprise up his sleeve, for he intended to propose raising a fund for the new wing of the main hospital building, and to start a subscription then and there. The people of the city were busy raising an anniversary

fund to go toward an endowed bed in the hospital, and the Moslems were trying to get a decoration from the Sultan to be presented to the man for whom these various honors were planned.

Finally, the preparations were completed and the city fairly caught its breath, waiting for the glorious morrow. But that evening came a telegram for Dr. Shepard, calling him to a Moslem patient in Aleppo. "That man's life is worth more than all this celebration," said the doctor, as he mounted his good horse and was off. The celebration waited.

One week later, on October 17, 1907, the doors of the largest Protestant church in the city were thrown open. Crowds of all races and creeds, who had been waiting outside for hours, surged in, packing themselves like sardines on the carpeted floor,—the men on one side of the railing down the center of the church, the women on the other. Those on one side of the gallery at the back looked down on a sea of red fezes; those on the other, on a sea of black silk *charchafs* or street veils. Up and down the center of the sea of red fezes walked the ushers, keeping open an aisle for the dignitaries who should arrive later and occupy the upholstered seats in front.

And now they began to come in,—Protestant, Catholic, Gregorian, Jew, and Moslem. Many of the last-named had never before crossed the threshold of a church. There were wealthy merchants, in their broadcloth coats or richly embroidered jackets; there were young professional men, in their tailored suits of European cut; there was the Turkish Hodja, with his huge white turban and green girdle; the Dervish Sheikh, in his tall camel's-hair cap and brown camel's-hair robe, and the Gregorian bishop, in his purple cassock and black silk gown; there were the city beys and effendis, some gorgeously arrayed in old-time Turkish style, some in natty European suits; and there were two seats filled with military officers, looking very Frenchy with their high, military collars and their curled mustaches; finally, sitting complacently in the center, his three hundred pounds surrounded by a broad red girdle, was old Hadji Husein Agha, who had saved the hospital from the mob, on that memorable day of massacre.

The ushers' task had not been an easy one, for each official was on the keen lookout for his dignity, and would be mortally offended should a man of lesser rank or wealth be shown to a

chair with more upholstery or placed in a better position for observing the ceremonies.

Seated on the platform were those who were to take part in the program; the pastor, the senior college professor, the most prominent city physician, the Armenian bishop, the Catholic merchant, and the assistant physician at the hospital. The doctor, wearing a black suit and stiff shirt (the latter he would tolerate only on state occasions), sat beside his wife in the audience well toward the front.

As the men on the platform looked out over that proud audience, and then at the Big Little Doctor, sitting so modestly in their midst, their minds traveled back over the twenty-five years he had lived among them. The city physician thought of those first years, when there were no educated native doctors in the land, and when Dr. Shepard had made that brave effort which gave him and his fellow-students their medical training; of the fight against death that he and his chief had made, shoulder to shoulder, in epidemics of cholera or typhoid; of the doctor's daring horseback trips over perilous roads, to save life in some distant city; of his gentle patience with the village folk who pressed upon

him at every stopping-place, not giving him time to eat; of those glorious days in camp, and the nights when they sat about the camp-fire, while the doctor talked with the village hunters about the Great Friend who had lived among the fisher-folk of Galilee.

The younger physician, who had stood yesterday beside him at the operating table, thought of those many miracles of the surgeon's knife that had broken down the walls of prejudice and opened the doors for the doctor in remote and obscure villages; of the hospital where, because of the doctor's touch of love, all hatreds between patients of every creed died away; and of the stream of healing for body and soul that went forth to thousands of afflicted ones from those hospital doors.

To the memory of the college professor came that day when the doctor sent him a hurry call in the laboratory to generate oxygen which saved the life of a dying student.

The Catholic merchant saw, in his mind, the bed on which he had lain dying of the disease brought on him by his own drunkenness; and the little shrine where his devout mother kept an oil dip constantly burning before the Virgin, in

token of gratitude for the operation which had saved him for a better life.

In the pastor's mind rose the picture of the village churches and schools, built by the doctor's brotherly help; and the scene of the preacher rescued from a wild mob by a rough Turk who had been cured by the doctor's skill.

The Armenian bishop heard again the piteous cry of the women and children dying of starvation, and saw those same ragged women and children clothed, fed, and housed by the devoted efforts of the doctor and his wife.

The little cabinet organ swelled its tone in the opening march. There was scripture reading and prayer, and then these men stood up, in turn, to tell what the doctor's work, during twenty-five years, had meant to them and to their country. When the bishop spoke, he stepped to the doctor and presented a silver pitcher from the community, promising a golden one if the doctor would let them celebrate his jubilee, twenty-five years from that time.

As the martial strains of the Hamidieh March died away, and the doctor stepped to the platform for his reply, a thunder of applause greeted him from that mixed throng. Looking out over

the audience, unlike any ever before gathered in a Christian church, the Big Little Doctor seized the opportunity to speak a few earnest words for his Master, and said:

"If one who did not know me had listened to what has been said about me during the last two hours, he would think that Dr. Shepard must be some great man; but you and I know that it is not so. A farmer's son, I grew up as an orphan. I finished school with great difficulty; I have not marked intellectual ability. Yet this great gathering, on a busy week-day afternoon, must have a reason. I know that this reason is not I, myself. It is one greater than I am—God and His love. For one who knows how God loves men, and how Jesus has saved us, not to tell others about that love is impossible. Because I have understood a little of that love, I try to let others know about it. This is the purpose of my life. I did not come to this country to make money or to win a reputation. I came to bear witness to this, that God is Love. And if, by my work or life, I have been able to show this to you, I have had my reward, and for it I thank God. The reason why the world has not yet been set free from its ills and diseases is not that the necessary medicines

have not yet been found; it is that men do not love each other, and that the rich are not willing to use their money for the needs of the poor. I beg and counsel you to know that God is Love, and to love each other, in deed and in truth."

I

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

HE was obviously the kind of a boy who needs at least three guardian angels. The instinct of fear seemed to have been left out of his make-up. Perhaps this was because, from the very first, he was so much a child of nature. One of his earliest memories was of waking in the night, during a terrific thunder-storm that shook the little house in Ellenburg like an earthquake, and after lying quiet a while, listening to the rumble and crash, lisping to his grandmother, "Nice funder; like it."

What a treat it was to adventuresome little Fred when one day his father took him to see the busy lumber mill where he made his living, —the great, humming mill, with its big belts and buzz-saws in full motion, its huge water-wheels and piles of sawdust. In the floor was a great hole through which the sawdust and "edgings" were dropped between the water-wheels to the river below. Fascinated in watching a buzz-saw,

Fred took a step or two backward and suddenly disappeared through this hole.

"Shut off the power!" shouted the horrified father, at the same moment starting on the run for the river below.

"Fred!" he called, sick with dread at the sight that might meet him, the little body mangled between the whirling wheels. "Oh, Fred!"

Back came a cheerful shout from down-stream where, on a sunny rock, sat the small boy, wet but unperturbed.

Fred's daring spirit and love of the wild were all the more remarkable because he was not physically robust; and often, after eating some of his aunt's best buckwheat cakes, he would regretfully renounce all meals for many hours. But the dauntless courage of his spirit, and his readiness to attempt any task, developed wonderful strength and agility. When he was but ten years old, and living with an uncle on the banks of the Chateauguay River, he had a pet brood of ten ducklings, hatched by an old white hen. Every day one of his ducklings disappeared from the pool in the river, where they went to swim. Fred decided to find out what became of those ducklings, and set himself on the bank to watch.

Presently, splash! A duckling disappeared.

"There's a big pickerel there, I'll bet, and I'll get him, too," thought Fred.

Off he went for pole and line, and then he baited the hook with a fine little green frog. Hardly had the wriggling form plunged into the duck-pool, when there came a terrific pull, and Fred found himself over his depth in the river.

"Uncle Douglas!" he yelled. "Oh, Uncle Douglas!" and his uncle came running to the rescue, in time to haul in the boy and also a fifteen-pound pickerel.

"Well," he drawled, as he weighed the big fish, "I guess you're a chip of the old block!"

A "chip of the old block" he was, by good rights. Around the great fire in the fireplace of the old farmhouse, Grandma Shepard told Fred, and the other little Shepards, tales that sent delightful thrills up and down their spines; tales of pioneer days when, following the blazed trail from New Hampshire, they came to Clinton County. Here they found the forest so full of Indians that the men kept their guns cocked ready at their side, while they chopped down trees for the log cabins; while she herself, crouching in some thicket with her baby, cooked

their food by a hollow stump. Beside that same fireplace Grandma Douglas, who had come over from the Scotch Highlands, would recite, hour after hour, the stirring verses of *Marmion* or *The Lady of the Lake,* until young imaginations were fired with desire to do noble deeds and brave.

From the "old block," too, the "chip" derived an irresistible sense of humor, a keen sense of justice, a Yankee genius which could cope with any emergency, and a resolute will.

The "old block," in the person of Grandfather Shepard, had been a smoker all his life.

"How much do you s'pose you've spent during your life for tobacco, Dad?" asked his sons one day when he was more than eighty years old.

"Oh, not much, I guess," replied the old man.

"Well, Father," they said, after putting their heads together over some figuring, "you've spent enough to buy a good big farm."

"Give me that paper!" he said; and after a little study—"Well, have I been such an old fool as that! I'll never smoke another pipe!" And he never did.

Much in the same way, "the chip," in the person of Fred, gave up swearing in a day.

Back of his uncle's house in Madrid, a little vil-

lage of northern New York, flowed a canal with a sluice-gate feeding the grist-mill below. It was great sport to dive under and swim through the open gate toward the mill. One day, as Fred was swimming through, one of the boys, by way of a joke, released the gate which closed down, catching Fred's ankle. Of course the water began to rise and Fred shouted lustily for help; but the boys thought his outcries were all in fun. Then in a rage he began to swear, until finally a man, hearing the uproar, came and opened the gate just as the water closed over Fred's head.

"Who was doing that terrible swearing on the hill?" asked Aunt Hannah, when Fred appeared a little later. He made no reply but, realizing how near he had come to dying, with those words on his lips, he determined that never again should a profane word be spoken by him.

Active in mind as in body, when four years old, Fred decided he would learn to read. By dint of much teasing of his elders, he succeeded in getting enough help from them at odd moments to be able, before long, to read from the big family Bible. Every day after that he read a chapter to his grandmother. From that time, books became his constant companions.

Fred's father had meant much to him during his early childhood, but he died when Fred was entering his teens. His mother was for many years a constant invalid, so Fred was thrown much on his own resources. Living on the farm at Madrid with his uncle, he went to school during the winter. In the chill of early dawn, with the thermometer below zero, Fred would get up at four o'clock every morning to help with the milking and other chores before he started for school, with skates slung over his shoulder for the hockey game at recess. All this time there were being developed in the boy a keenness of mind and strength of muscle which stood the man in such good stead.

Vacation found him in an Adirondack camp with his uncle, living in a birch-bark shack surrounded by deep snow, hunting deer, and trapping fox and mink. This was the life he loved best, and here he was initiated into the use of shot-gun and rifle. And what days those were when they went out into the sugar-camp and Fred helped the "French Canucks" in gathering and boiling down the sweet sap! One day, when walking over the huge white drifts, bearing two heavy pails of sap, Fred caught his snowshoe on a stump

and was thrown headfirst into a ten-foot drift, while the icy sap ran down his neck. "I had to twist myself around until I could get hold of one leg and then climb up it to get out," he used to say with a chuckle, when telling of the escapade.

The spirit of self-reliance which had been developed so early in Fred is shown in the following incident, which occurred when he was twelve years old. There was an ugly-tempered dog in town, with whom the boy was not on speaking terms. After one or two unpleasant meetings with the creature, Fred decided to get rid of him. He secretly procured a pistol and, putting it in his pocket, sauntered toward the bridge where the meetings between boy and dog had taken place. It was a very natural thing, though very thoughtless, for the boy to keep one hand in his pocket, fingering the trigger. It was also a very natural thing for the trigger to snap back suddenly and discharge the bullet through Fred's leg!

Now Fred had a wholesome fear of his uncle's whip, with which he had come in contact once or twice. So, instead of going home, he turned toward the little cottage where his younger sister was caring for his sick mother.

"Hello, Mother," he said cheerily, as he ran

through her room to the kitchen, with a sign to his sister to follow.

"Say, Alice," he whispered, "get me some warm water and two clean linen handkerchiefs, and be quiet about it, will you?"

"But, Fred, what has happened? You're dreadfully hurt!" she cried, as she saw the blood oozing through his trousers.

"Sh," he whispered cautiously, "don't let Mother hear, it will only worry her. We can fix it up, all right."

" But what will Uncle Clinton say? "

"He doesn't need to know, if you don't 'peach' on me."

"But you ought to go to the doctor and get it 'tended to."

"I guess we can 'tend to it, all right."

With her help, he washed and bandaged the wound. Alice did not "peach," but a boy who had been with him when the accident happened did "peach," and so—Fred went to see the doctor!

After three years at Madrid, Fred was ready to enter Franklin Academy and, with his mother and sisters, he moved to town. With all his energies he threw himself into the life of the school.

"He was always at his books, for he was a great student," one of his classmates wrote. Yet he was a veritable baseball fiend; he lost several of his teeth by being hit in the mouth with a stone used in playing hockey; and, with his short, thick-set figure, his long arms, and his cat-like agility, he could down a much more powerful opponent in boxing or wrestling. Fair play and the "square deal" he always insisted on. If there was the least indication of foul play, he would drop out of the game at once.

The day before vacation, Fred would come home and say to his sister, "Alice, we're off for ten days in the Adirondacks, Tom and I. Will you put us up some grub?" Then off in the early morning, with canoe, fishing tackle and gun. One year a larger group of chums went together, agreeing that one should be cook until some other member of the party made an adverse criticism on his cooking, when the "kicker" should be obliged to take his turn at it. Turns came and went in quick succession until Fred, in an unguarded moment, made the unlucky complaint. Days passed, and flapjacks, baked potatoes, fish, and hoe-cake were so satisfactory that no complaint was heard. Finally, Fred got sick of the

job of chief cook and decided he would make one desperate attempt to get out of it. A handful of salt went into the next batch of biscuit. The biscuits looked light and flaky as they came out of the mud oven, and Steve sank his teeth deep into a luscious morsel; then—"Well, if this isn't the saltiest biscuit I ever—but it's good, it's good, *its good!*" The compliment came too late, and Steve had to pay the penalty.

Fred's first experience as an instructor came when he was asked to substitute, in Malone, for one of the teachers who was ill. It was at this time, when his preparatory education was finished and he was facing the question, "What next in life?" that he attended some revival meetings which were being held in the Baptist church. Young Shepard became deeply interested, and finally, under the influence of the ardent young preacher, he accepted Christ as his personal Savior. The next morning, when the substitute teacher read the Scripture lesson, the boys and girls noted a new ring to his voice and caught a new meaning from the lesson. As wholeheartedly and unreservedly as the boy had thrown himself into his studies, his escapades, and his sports, so fully did the young man now consecrate

himself to the service of his new-found Master, seeking the place where he might serve him best.

Meanwhile, to earn money for additional education, he undertook teaching a district school. According to the good old traditions of the district school, when the new teacher was heralded, the bullies of the school clubbed together to "run him out." When they saw the "little boy" who had come to "boss" them, they thought they had an easy task before them. But the gloveless boxing and wrestling match which followed the first show of rebellion was very short and very conclusive, and the bullies, who were bigger and older than the new teacher, found themselves utterly routed. From that day those troublesome pupils had a warm admiration for him, and, while he was a good pal in all their outdoor sports, there was no question as to who was in control in the schoolroom.

His genius for friendship and sympathy reached beyond school hours and, night after night, the young teacher, who was soon to become the great doctor, found expression for his new ideals of Christian service in nursing a pupil at whose home he boarded, through a long and painful siege of inflammatory rheumatism. The husky

young athlete who had punished the bully had the tender heart and the skilful touch of a woman; for the natural instinct of a nurse, which so many great doctors lack, had been trained and developed in him by his thoughtful ministrations to the invalid mother at home.

But all the time young Shepard was looking forward to preparing himself for a greater service. Through a friend, he was able to borrow enough money to enter Cornell University in the fall of 1877. From his father, he had inherited a taste for civil engineering, and Cornell offered the best opportunities to him in that line. To make the borrowed money go as far as possible, Shepard, with several chums, clubbed together to keep bachelors' hall, and of course the efficient camp-cook had to take charge of the commissary. Cereals, baked beans, apples and flapjacks, with mush and molasses, were the chief articles on the menu. They were finely spiced with young-hunger sauce, and served up by the amateur cook with garnishings of fish tales and hunting yarns.

The pennies saved for the sake of an education that should lead to a great service for the King, were not the only pennies earned. Every opportunity that offered for making even a small

sum was eagerly seized. One summer Shepard went to a farmer of his acquaintance and asked him for employment. The farmer looked him over critically and shook his head. "I don't want a boy, sonny," he said. "The only job I have is a man's job."

"Try me out for a week," replied Shepard, "and if I don't do as much as any one of your men, you needn't pay me any wages for my time."

After the week, the farmer was more than glad to keep him on for the season. At a starch factory where he worked for a time, there was a huge bag of starch to be moved across the floor, but no one was able to lift it. "Let me try," said the boy who had not yet reached his full growth of five feet four; and lifting the bag, he carried it across the floor with ease. Many a time later, as he lifted a two-hundred-pound man from the operating table to the bed, did he think of that bag of starch. Many a time, in planning a new building for hospital or college, did he think of the hours he spent, one summer, in laying floors with the village carpenter. Quite as valuable for his future work as his regular studies was the training of eye and muscle and brain which he acquired in these varied activities, and

not a single side issue but bore its fruit in later years when meeting emergencies in an undeveloped country.

College athletics could not but make a strong appeal to the "baseball fiend" of Academy days who thought little of walking seventeen miles from camp to take part in a ball match. On entering college, Shepard applied to the crew-master to be tried out for the crew. The crew-master looked down on the short, stocky fellow and said,

"Little boy, you'll have to grow some before you can get on the crew. You aren't big enough to pull the stroke with the other fellows."

"But look at the length of my arms," said Shepard. "Give me a try-out and you'll see."

The try-out proved that he could pull a longer stroke than any other man on the crew.

Two years at Cornell, and a more careful consideration of how he could best serve the King to whom he had dedicated himself so definitely, convinced young Shepard that he should take up the study of medicine, and he decided to enter Michigan University. With his keen mind, his painstaking habits as a student, and his devotion to his purpose, the young medical student succeeded in finishing the three years' course at the

University in two. It was not "all work and no play," either; for he and some of his classmates played various pranks with their electric apparatus. One day they induced an unsuspecting lower-classman to take hold of certain levers and turned on just enough current to keep him dancing about, unable to let go. On an April Fool's Day, an electric wire was attached to a penny placed on the sidewalk, so that each person who tried to pick it up received an electric shock. His unusual facility in the use of the English language, and his ability as a student, won him the place of editor on the monthly paper of the medical department. As president of the Christian Association of the department, he had a chance to get near to the fellows and influence them for Christ; while, outside of the student body, he took part in services for patients in the hospitals and for prisoners in the jails. His genius for nursing was further developed by the night nursing to which he was assigned in the hospitals, as a means of earning money for his course. One night, while on duty as night nurse in the men's ward, Miss Andrews, whom he had come to admire as one of the most brilliant and charming of the young women students, the daughter of a

pioneer missionary in the Hawaiian Islands, came gliding through the corridor, with the soft light gleaming on her heavy coils of golden hair. "Oh, Dr. Shepard," she whispered, "I don't know what to do with a woman in Ward Two. She is suffering so terribly and I have no orders to give her any morphine."

"I'll be there in a moment," was the reply and, entering the ward, he took the responsibility of administering morphine. This was but the first of many responsibilities which the blue-eyed girl and the young doctor shared through the future years; for when she graduated, a year later than he, she promised to go with him across the seas, to bring life and light to those who sat in darkness.

Final examinations found Shepard with a high fever from an attack of tonsilitis, but small obstacles in the way of his aims had never daunted him, and he went to the classroom as if nothing were the matter. As fever always had the effect of exciting his brain to double activity, the examinations were passed with unusual brilliancy; and, on the day of graduation, Dr. Shepard stood second in his class of more than a hundred, in spite of having completed the three years' course

in two. This, or any other, honor was never alluded to by him, for modesty was one of the foundation stones of his character.

The year after graduation Dr. Shepard spent in New York City. Working with the famous Dr. Knapp, he acquired great skill in eye operations, after practising on dozens of pigs' eyes before he undertook the delicate work on the human eye. Then, as clinical assistant in the New York Ophthalmic and Aural Institute, he gained much valuable experience. As he knew that the missionary doctor must be "all things to all men," he added to his equipment by a short course in practical dentistry. With his natural bent for mechanics, he took to this new line of work "like a duck to water." How successful he was in it, is plain from a letter written by him.

"Last week," he wrote, "I made an artificial soft palate for a child with congenital cleft of palate, who in consequence had not learned to talk, and the appliance worked beautifully, enabling her to drink naturally and to articulate well."

Many were the missionary associates, as well as the natives, who in years to come blessed the doctor for his foresight in taking this extra training.

In the metropolis, too, his passion for winning men to Christ had a chance to express itself in a larger way. Sunday afternoons found him visiting the institutions on Blackwell's Island, bringing a word of cheer here, or a hearty laugh there, and always a sense of the presence of the Great Physician. Many an evening found him in Dr. Schaufler's mission, bringing new hope into the lives of men who were "down and out."

In speaking of this year in New York, he said, "I feel that this year has been one of soul-preparation to me as well as mind-fitting for the work of the Master. My joy in being permitted a part in the glorious battle of winning the world for Christ rises as the time draws near for taking my place in the ranks. I realize my weakness and insufficiency more keenly than ever, but my faith in 'Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His will; to the end that we should be unto the praise of His glory,' has been greatly strengthened and I am longing to begin my life work."

On July 5, 1882, the Hawaiian missionary's daughter, Miss Andrews, and Dr. Shepard entered into the life partnership which was to bring new courage and hope to so many sick and needy

persons in a distant land. Equipped with the best training he could secure, powerful in physique, alert in mind, buoyant in spirit, imbued with the love of the Master, with face turned hopefully and eagerly toward the East, the young recruit waited the summons to the front.

II

THE SPRING OF HEALING

JUST where the coast of Asia Minor makes a sharp turn southward, toward Syria and Palestine, lies the beautiful gulf of Alexandretta; back of it stretches the Plain of Issus; while towering above all are the rugged mountains of the Amanus, with its famous pass known as the Syrian Gates, through which Alexander marched his conquering army. The morning sun had just softened the bald peaks above the timber-line with its golden touch, as over the blue waves of the gulf glided a little Mediterranean steamer, trailing its cloud of smoke through the sky. The passengers were already on deck, eagerly taking in the glory of the sunrise on mountain and sea. With what eagerness did the young doctor and his wife look across the gulf to the little town of Alexandretta, from which they would make the journey of one hundred miles overland to the

city of Aintab, where they were to begin their work for the King.

Some ten weeks before, on August 5, 1882, a month after their marriage, they had waved good-by to friends on the pier in New York as the *City of Rome* slowly moved out toward the wide ocean. On board was a jolly, enthusiastic group of young missionaries, and the long voyage was enlivened by games on deck and chess tournaments in the saloon.

A week in London, a record-breaking storm in the English Channel, when, for nine hours, the boat "stood on end," and when even the crew showed symptoms of sympathy with the landlubbers; then a glorious week of sightseeing in Paris, Cologne, Mainz, and Vienna; and finally, by train and boat, to Constantinople.

The young recruits arrived in the city just as the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the veteran missionary, Dr. Elias Riggs, was being celebrated, and a large group of missionaries had gathered from far and near.

"The new doctor for Aintab can do dental work," was the word that went around the missionary circle; and for the next two weeks, while waiting for his Turkish diploma permitting him

to practise in the empire, Dr. Shepard was kept busy with dentistry for the missionaries.

The examinations for the diploma had to be taken in Turkish, through an interpreter.

"The *Khanum* [lady] would like to take the examinations and receive a diploma, too," said Dr. Shepard to the Turkish official in charge. "She finished the same course I did in the same university in America."

"Grant a permit to a woman!" exclaimed the Turk in amazement. "Such a thing was never heard of! It is against the law of our country. *Olmaz, Olmaz.*" [Impossible.] "But why do you go on to Aintab? We need doctors badly in Constantinople and," he added naïvely, "the *Khanum* could get much money, attending the women in the harems."

One of the missionaries attending the conference in Constantinople was Dr. Trowbridge, president of Central Turkey College at Aintab, through whom the invitation had come to Dr. Shepard to take the professorship in the newly-opened medical department of the college. With his family he was now returning to Aintab, bringing the long-coveted recruits with him.

"I have an important piece of news for you,"

he announced with a long face, the day before they sighted Alexandretta. "I have to inform you that there is an army of twenty-five thousand fleas on the march to meet you at the village of Beilan, in the mountain pass. I warn you to be prepared."

"Oh, they are old Hawaiian friends of mine," answered Mrs. Shepard; but the doctor, believing in preparedness, made up a solution of quassia with which to fight the foe.

What a contrast to the glory of the country seen at a distance, through the misty morning glow, was the little town in which the party landed. The dusty, ill-smelling streets were full of yelping dogs and ragged children, and buzzing with flies and mosquitoes which carried the germs of malaria and sore eyes. What a relief when, with a *backsheesh* [tip] here, and a prescription for the customs officials there, all the baggage was landed. Meanwhile, a long caravan of horses and mules came jangling through the streets to meet them, each animal clanging the heavy bell hung about his neck by a necklace of beads, blue in color, to keep off the "evil eye."

With much yelling and parleying and grunting, the muleteers, in white, baggy trousers, striped

gowns, and red fezes, finally tied the load onto the pack-saddles. The children were seated in canopied boxes, slung on either side of a mule; the other passengers mounted their saddles and the party was off, headed for the mountain range above, with its little village of Beilan, with little houses, one above another, at the pass.

"*Mashallah,* [Praise be to God] the *Khanum* can ride," said one of the drivers, the next instant turning to a stumbling mule to shout "Son of a pig!" with a cut of the whip. "Most new *Khanums* have never been on a horse before."

Up, up, up the winding path to the village, which clung like an eagle's nest to the steep mountain at the pass, the roof of each house forming the front yard of the house above. As the clanging caravan scrambled up the low cobble-stone steps which formed the steep streets, dogs barked and black-eyed, brightly-dressed children called excitedly, "*Gel, gel, bak, Shapkalular!*" [Come, come, see the hatted ones!] The mothers, drawing their head-veils over all but one eye, ambled through the collection of chickens, lambs, calves, dogs, and children, to the edge of the flat roofs, just as eager as children themselves to see the unusual sight.

The five days' trip, often such a terror to newcomers, was but a holiday lark to Dr. Shepard, so fond of outdoor sports, and to his wife, who had spent many a day of her girlhood on horseback jaunts in the Hawaiian Islands. At night they slept on army cots, in tents they carried with them. Rising in the early dawn, they had a breakfast of eggs and coffee, cooked over a brazier of charcoal, followed by morning prayers in Turkish with the muleteers. From the wayside vineyards, they plucked grapes in clusters so large and sweet that one person could not finish a single bunch. At one point on their journey, the Armenian servant disappeared into a near-by field, presently to return with his ample robes stuffed out with juicy watermelons. The ever varying landscape, with its vivid colors of earth and sky, delighted the newcomers.

Even before reaching his appointed task, Dr. Shepard realized why he had been called to train new doctors for these poor people. Among the crowds of villagers who came to view the strange sight and to ask innumerable questions, stood little children scarcely able to see out of swollen eyes, covered with a black rim of flies. This condition seemed inevitable to the people.

"Why don't you 'shoo' them off?" asked Mrs. Shepard.

"Oh, that would never do, it would bring on a sickness," was the reply.

In its mother's arms was a little skinny baby chewing on a big green cucumber. "Why do you give the child that cucumber? See, already it looks sick."

"What could I do?" answered the mother with a shrug. "He cried for it."

Many of the children wore decorations of blue beads, or shells, or little triangular bundles of cloth. "Those are all to keep off the evil eye," explained Dr. Trowbridge. "The triangle has a verse from the Koran sewed up inside. You must be careful not to praise any child, or you may bring the evil eye on him. If you should forget and do so, you must always add the word, '*Mashallah.*'"

Frequently, at the top of some little hill, they would come across the tomb of a descendant of the prophet Mohammed. Fluttering from every branch and twig of the sacred tree near-by, were hundreds of little rags of every color, torn from their owners' garments and tied there in the hope of getting rid of some disease. Sometimes an

old priest, living near the shrine to guard it, would come out with his begging-bowl, asking for a gift of food or money.

The last half-day of the journey lay along a high plateau, covered, as far as the eye could reach across the golden hills, with vineyards laden with luscious grapes. In each vineyard was built a high booth of leaves, set on poles like a bird's nest, where a watchman could keep a sharp lookout for thieves. As the travelers passed by, groups of men, women, and children would look up, with hands full of juicy clusters, make a salaam to the travelers, and run out to offer them grapes or invite them to come and sit in the shade of their booth.

"They are people from Aintab," explained Dr. Trowbridge. "Each family, no matter how poor, owns a vineyard, small or big, and at this season they come and camp out in the vineyards to 'milk the vines,' as they say. Some time you will be invited to spend a day here and will see them treading out the juice in great stone vats with their bare feet, then boiling it down into molasses, and finally beating the molasses with twigs until it is the color of taffy and the consistency of

butter. Aintab is famous for this grape butter. You will soon be getting presents, too, of all sorts of delicious sweetmeats made from the grape juice."

At last, from the top of a little hill, Dr. Shepard and his wife caught sight of the city where they were to live and work for the Master for so many years to come. Surrounded on all sides by bare brown rolling hills, it lay, a mass of low-roofed houses, with a minaret standing out here and there, the ancient castle towering up at one side, a huge city of the dead lifting its black stones at the other side, while in the foreground stood Central Turkey College.

"Aintab, the Spring of Healing," said Dr. Trowbridge. "Could there be a more appropriate place for founding a hospital and a medical college?"

At first sight of the college buildings, the big, white horse, Selim, on which Mrs. Shepard was riding, made a sudden plunge and started on a dead run for home. This disturbed the natives far more than it did its intrepid rider.

"Stop him! Stop him!" shouted the muleteers, expecting to see Mrs. Shepard thrown at any moment; but her girlhood days in the saddle stood

her in good stead, and with graceful ease she allowed her spirited horse to enjoy his gallop home.

A warm welcome from the little group of missionaries awaited the newcomers. Within a few days they had begun classes with the five Armenian students enrolled in the Medical Department, and soon they were hard at work learning the Turkish language. Even before they could speak the language, however, they began to see patients who came thronging to the dispensary, talking to them through an interpreter. Then it was that the doctor understood why he had been asked to train these men as physicians. These poor people had no one to care for them or to teach them how to care for themselves. A few barbers, bone-setters and herb-women they already had among them, and they prescribed strange remedies. When a man had rheumatism, the usual treatment for it was to open a sore somewhere on his arm or leg, and keep it open and infected, so that the pains might run out. For fever, a red string around the wrist was urged. If a child broke his arm, he must be taken to the *chekeji* [the puller] and have it pulled in place, and sometimes the arm was bound so tightly to the body

that the child would die of gangrene. If he were bitten by a dog, a hair from the same dog must be put into a cup of water and he must drink it down. If a girl had a sudden fright, she must either swallow some sizzling hot fat, or have a red-hot meat skewer pressed against her neck. A headache must be cured by taking a dose of *raki* [whisky], and for almost any ailment leeches might be put on the part affected.

What a motley crowd it was that the doctor found in the waiting-room on that first day! There were people like those he had seen in the villages on his way from the coast,—tall, gaunt, rough men, with their great goat's-hair cloaks thrown over their shoulders. These were Kurds who lived in mountain villages, in rude, dark little houses, sharing the same room with their goats and sheep. Sometimes they did not even have houses, but lived in their black, goat's-hair tents, moving their flocks about from place to place on the fertile plain, like Abraham of old. Wild and ignorant and simple, like big children as they were, the doctor, in days to come, grew to know and love many of them as personal friends. Though they thought nothing of killing a man for his horse or purse, their doors were always open

for a guest, the best they had was his, and they would defend him with their lives. Though recognized as Moslems, they would often deny this faith, and many of them had strange religious ideas which seemed a queer mixture of Mohammedanism, Christianity, and Paganism. Then there were the people from the city,—the Turk with his red fez; with white turban if he were a teacher; or green, if he were a descendant of the prophet; or just a small striped one, if he were an ordinary butcher or tanner or shopkeeper. White bloomers, with a long gown belted in by a handsome white girdle, and pointed red slippers completed his costume. He was a Moslem; and every day, five times, when the muezzin called from the minaret, "*God is great, God is great,*" he would wash his hands and face and feet and say his prayers. He was the fellow at the top, because he had conquered the land, and it was his Sultan who sat on the throne; and so, though his Christian neighbor was more industrious and skilful and educated and prosperous, yet he must remain the inferior. The Turk's religion taught him to call a Christian "a dog" or "a pig" and to treat him accordingly.

The Christian neighbors were the Armenians

who, many years before, had been conquered by the Turks. Centuries before any missionaries had come from America, they were followers of Christ; but their Bible was in a language they could not understand, and they had but few schools in which to learn, so that many of their priests could scarcely read. Though they were willing to die for their religion, too often it did not help them to live better lives. In spite of their skill and industry, they were so oppressed and so restrained in many ways by their Turkish rulers and neighbors that they had little chance to prove their skill or worth.

Dr. Shepard began to realize that these people needed something more than the healing of their dreadful diseases. They needed to learn that they were all children of the same loving Father and therefore brothers. He saw that only by treating every one with the same loving care, just as Jesus did, going about and doing good to all alike, could he hope to teach them this great lesson.

By the end of the first year, the new doctor and his wife had learned enough Turkish to say "*Dilini geoster,*" [Show your tongue] "*Aghru nerede?*" [Where is the pain?] and all the other

phrases needed in the clinic, so that they could get on without an interpreter. To the clinic and dispensary was added a ward for men, with ten beds, where those who had undergone serious operations could be cared for. A Scotch nurse, Miss Arnott, was sent to take charge of the nursing in this embryo hospital. There was no women's ward for, though the *Khanum* found much work to do among the women in the Turkish harems, and more in the Armenian homes, in those early days no one would think of allowing a woman to go to a hospital. The Moslem woman was called by her husband, "the child," "the ash dumper," or "the lacking one." She was not worth bothering much about. When a villager was urged to bring his wife to Aintab for treatment, he only shrugged his shoulders and declared it would cost less and be less bother to get a new one.

A man named Manoog [Little Child], a great burly Armenian, with a broad face that showed a row of fine white teeth when he smiled, was placed at the door of the hospital to keep in order the ever-growing throngs of people who wished to enter. When the doctors and medical students were ready to begin work, he would open the

doors between their office and the waiting-room, and call out, "*Eski geozler,*" [Old eyes] whereupon all those who had previously had their eyes examined would come in. Then would come, "*Yeni geozler,*" [New eyes] or the new cases; and woe betide any person who tried to get to the doctor before his turn. Manoog had a strong right arm. To keep the "turns" straight, each patient was given a card with a number on one side and a Bible verse on the other.

"Am I to pound this text up and swallow it?" asked a woman when she received hers, "or am I to dissolve it in water and drink it?"

Manoog lost one of his fine front teeth one day, and ever after his smile had a hole in it, which he regarded proudly, quite as a soldier would regard an honorable service stripe.

It happened in this wise. Dr. Shepard's younger brother had come to assist him in the hospital. He was taken seriously ill, and the doctor was camping out with him, in a tent pitched on a hill above the city. Manoog had been told to bring the doctor his fine Arab horse Benito. Swift, gentle, and intelligent, this horse had been the doctor's devoted companion on many a trip. As Manoog reached the valley at the foot of the

hill, he was attacked by a Kurdish brigand who thought the doctor's horse too fine to lose.

"Dr. Effendi, Dr. Effendi," shouted Manoog, using the Turkish title of respect, at the same instant receiving a blow from the butt of the robber's gun. The blow knocked out a tooth and silenced Manoog. Hearing the shout, the doctor's sick brother raised himself on his elbow.

"Get your gun, get your gun!" he called.

The doctor, who heard nothing, thought he was wandering in his mind.

"There's trouble, Fred, get your gun," he repeated.

By the time the doctor had run out with his gun, however, the thief was off with the horse. The Kurdish brigand was afterward caught and imprisoned, but Benito had been sold, and the doctor never again saw the beautiful horse in which he had taken such pride.

The medical school, which had begun with five students, thrived and grew, until, in the next few years, the number increased to eighteen. In spite of baffling deficiencies in the way of equipment, and the loss, one after another, from various causes, of the American professors and nurses, several young Armenian doctors were graduated.

I. THE DOCTOR MAKES AN EXAMINATION

II. WRITING A PRESCRIPTION UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Here is the description of a typical day's work for Dr. Shepard at this time, in his own words:

"I was called down to the office to see a patient before prayers. (We have our morning prayers before breakfast.) After breakfast, I found a girl and her mother waiting to see me about the former going to the Girls' College in Marash next year. Spent the next two hours in study, interrupted by five patients. Got onto my horse and visited three patients in the city (two of them charity patients, about the usual proportion,) and back in time for my classes with whom the next two hours were spent. Lunched at one. Filled my pockets with instruments and chloroform bottle and back into the city again to perform a surgical operation at the house of a patient. Back to the hospital where a crowd of patients awaited me. Between that time and dinner I performed eight more important surgical operations. After dinner, rode to the college to see Mr. Trowbridge on business. Back again, and wanted to go to bed, but had to make my hospital rounds for the day, as there were fourteen poor sufferers in the wards anxiously awaiting me.

"To-day at clinic I counted the patients, both old and new, which fell to my lot, and they numbered just eighty-six, and the clinic not quite so large as usual in the number of new names written. Well! I guess I have said enough to show you

that we have work for another man to do, if we can get him."

All other difficulties might be overcome by ingenuity and tireless effort, such as is shown in this letter; but "money makes the mare go," even in missionary effort. In 1886, the college was in such dire need of funds that Dr. Shepard decided he must go with his senior class to Aleppo and give them practical instruction there, while he earned fees from wealthy Turks, Jews, and Armenians of that city; for, according to the Turkish saying,

> "Famous is Aleppo for wealth,
> Kilis for dirt,
> Marash for water,
> Aintab for lies."

The doctor almost lost his life in this first of many efforts to support both college and hospital. After forty days of successful work, which kept him and his students more than busy, he was suddenly taken ill with the *cholera nostra,* which was prevalent in that city of heat, flies, dust, and foul drinking water. In twenty-four hours he lost twenty-five pounds and was fast sinking into that

stage of collapse from which few can be revived; but before he lost consciousness, there came to him, in a flash, almost as if by a special revelation, the memory of a new and untried remedy. Immediately he acted on the suggestion. It worked and his life was saved. He had to give up further effort for that summer, however, and retire to a summer camp with his wife and two little daughters, to regain his strength for the work of the coming fall.

Mrs. Shepard, who had been doing her share in keeping up the school by teaching medical botany and other subjects in addition to her large clinics, city practise, and the care of her household, joined him for a much needed rest. Mrs. Shepard had been a botanist, ever since her girlhood days, spent in the fern-clad mountains of the Hawaiian Islands. Many an excursion did she and the doctor take together, to some mountain peak or deep valley, to return laden with rare plants. On one such trip, seeing a rare flower which Mrs. Shepard wished for her collection, near the top of an inaccessible cliff, the doctor took his revolver and shot the stem in two, then picked up the flower and handed it to his wife with a bow.

The struggle to keep up the medical school

proved to be a losing struggle. The people of Aintab and its surrounding villages, already poor, were further impoverished by the terrible famine which came upon them through drought. Fees which came in from students and patients were not enough to cover costs. Again Dr. Shepard went to Aleppo, to try to save the situation, taking his little family with him into the terrible heat of that city. By this time, the new doctor had gained such a reputation that the wealthy were eager to pay any fee he might ask, and he was working, now, for fees for his medical school. One day, when he made a call in a distant part of the city, the patient offered him only a *mejidieh* [a silver coin worth eighty cents]. With a true instinct of how to meet the Oriental, the doctor tossed it back across the room to him with the single word "*Ayib!*" [Shame.] Needless to say, he received the proper fee.

When, in 1888, the health of Dr. Trowbridge gave way, the struggling little medical school, begun with high hopes and carried on under difficulties and with such great sacrifice, was finally given up. Twenty-one young Armenians, however, had been graduated. Many of them became eminent physicians, both in Turkey and in Amer-

ica. Of these men, Dr. Altounyan, one of those seniors who had assisted in the first trip to Aleppo, became the most eminent physician and surgeon of that great city, eventually building and equipping there, by his own efforts, a beautiful, modern hospital. Such wonderful influence did he have through his work there, among rich and poor alike, that, although an Armenian, he was allowed by Djemal Pasha to keep his hospital open and carry on his full work, through the whole period of the late war.

Another of the original four students became the most eminent native physician of Aintab. For many years he was associated with his friend and teacher in the hospital there and spent many a vacation with him in camp. Dr. Habib was a great influence for everything that was best in his own community, and did much to win the friendship of the bigoted and prejudiced Turks, finally giving his life in the service of the army during the war. A third student, Dr. Bezjein, still stands at his post as first assistant at the hospital in Aintab. After many years of service with his beloved friend and teacher, he stood by him during the tragedies of the war, attended him during his last illness, and in time welcomed

to Aintab the doctor's son, on whose young shoulders the father's mantle has fallen. Each of these men has been giving out, throughout his life, that influence of the Master which came to him from the teacher who lived and served among them as "He that serveth."

III

MIRACLES OF THE SURGEON'S KNIFE

TEN days' journey by caravan from Aintab, on the banks of the Tigris River, lies the black city of Diarbekir. An ancient wall of massive black lava rock surrounds the city, defying the outside world, with its forty black turrets. Black houses line the black-paved streets, and black minarets tower above black-domed mosques. Many, too, were the black thoughts in the minds of the dwellers in the black city, and many were the black deeds done within those massive walls. On the flat roofs of the houses surrounding a marble-paved court, in the center of this city, stood a throng of gaily-dressed men, women, and children, dangerously jostling and pushing in order to look down into the court below, where a crowd of sick people waited their turn to be examined by *Shippet* (for so they called Dr. Shepard), the wonder-worker from Aintab. There he sat at one side, with pen and prescription-pad in hand,

a short, broad-shouldered man, with a quick turn of the head, a twinkle in his eye, and a gentle touch and tone which spoke of power and sympathy.

"They say he can open the eyes of the blind, and take stones out of people, and make new arms and legs, and new noses," the awed whisper went about. "Even when a person is dead, they say he can bring him back to life."

With almost incredible swiftness and ease, the doctor had discovered what the trouble was with one patient; had written his prescription, given instructions about his medicine, or told him he must have an operation; and then he had turned to another.

There was a sudden commotion in the crowd. A great tall man, gasping for breath and surrounded by several women in a high state of excitement, came into the court.

"Give way, give way," begged the women. "The doctor must see him quick! He has swallowed a turkey-bone and is choking to death."

With a quick motion, the doctor was beside him before the man had come halfway across the court. One glance, one touch, and then swift instructions to his assistant to boil certain instru-

ments and make ready for the operation. Then Dr. Shepard turned quietly to the next patient. In a few moments there was a sudden scream from a woman, followed by the wailing for the dead. Those on the roof almost fell off in their eagerness to see what was happening. The man had suddenly collapsed and was lying—breathless, purple, motionless—on the marble pavement.

"Quick—the knife!" cried the doctor, springing to the window. In one instant the instrument was in his hand, in the next it was plunged into the windpipe of the apparently dead man. There was a sucking gasp, the man took a full breath, the purple faded from his face, and within the hour he rose and walked home. The women lingered to kiss the doctor's feet again and again, and the throngs on the roof chattered excitedly; while each carried home a bigger tale than his neighbor of the miracle of the great surgeon's knife.

It was not all in a day that Dr. Shepard had gained his reputation in this far-off city of the interior. In those early pioneer days, men had been afraid of the foreign doctor. One day, when Dr. Shepard first came to Aintab, he stopped beside a near-by village fountain, where later he

could not snatch a moment's rest for the crowds of patients that thronged about him. Near the fountain stood a man with eyes red and swollen. "Let me look at your eyes, my father," said the doctor; "perhaps I can cure them for you." But he was suspicious of the foreigner and would not let the doctor touch his eyes. Then, as one after another came, half in fear, to the hospital and went back not only with his eyes opened, his tumor removed, or his leg straightened, but with tales of the wonderful way in which he had been cared for—of the doctor's sympathy and the nurse's tender ministrations—others, too, wanted to "come and see," until farther and farther spread the fame of the wonder-worker, and *Shippet* became a name to conjure with.

From beside the orange groves of the Mediterranean coast, a blind man heard and came and received his sight. Going back home, he told the wondrous story. Ten other blind men, each with staff in hand, started to walk the weary one hundred miles to the Spring of Healing. But alas, when they reached the wonder-worker, he could but tell them that he was powerless to help.

It was the hardest task the skilful doctor had to face,—to tell poor, trusting ones like these

that he could do nothing to help them; for his great heart was tender as a child's and he could never even read aloud a tale of pathos without a telltale choking in his voice. Yet his patients used to say he had a way of telling them there was no hope which, in itself, brought hope and courage; and often, when he had done his utmost, he would tell of the Great Physician who alone had power to save. Here is the story of such a case, as one of the American nurses tells it:

"One night he came home, after a long day's work, so unusually tired and depressed that I was much disturbed, and tried to find out the cause of it. This is what he told me. A Kurd had brought his precious boy on a many days' journey from the mountains to see *Shippet;* the lad was placed on a ladder padded with a mattress and laid across an animal. Everything else had failed; there was one hope left and that was *Shippet.* Didn't he cure everybody who ever came to him? Of course *Shippet* could help his boy, and he was always ready to do everything he could for anybody. With this hope in his heart, the poor father had comforted himself as he was making the tedious journey of many days with the sick boy. With the first glance, Dr.

Shepard saw that the patient was in the last stages of tuberculosis. Shippet could not help him. It was never his method to withhold a truth that must be told, but the telling of it had utterly used up his strength. Later, I heard an account of this, as told by a young man who was present. The father was so dazed by the sad news that he could not take it in, so he remained sitting there in the office for over an hour; and every little while he would say, '*Dr. Effendi* [Sir Doctor], what do you say?' and then, with the same infinite patience and kindness, he would reply, 'Father, there is no hope, except in God,' and then he would try to help him to find that help and comfort."

One of Dr. Shepard's operations, which the people appreciated greatly, was the making of a nose from the "ring finger" of the patient's left hand. The sore known as the "Aleppo Button" often left a disfiguring scar on the nose. Of course, a girl with such a scar was at a disadvantage, when it came to getting married.

"Hush!" said the nurse in the hospital to a tiny girl who had had an operation to remove a scar from her nose and was then undergoing the painful dressing. "You will be a handsome

little bride some day. Think of that and don't cry." And the little bride-to-be bravely choked back the tears.

Dr. Shepard always endeavored to keep abreast with the times in medicine and surgery. After a heavy day of work, a long evening was often spent in reading the latest and best medical journals. Often he would find a method described which he himself had already discovered and put in practise. A notable example of the doctor's devotion to his profession, and of his keeping pace with its advance, was his wide and successful use of spinal anesthesia, before he had ever seen it performed, in the cases of such as could not take the usual anesthetic.

The great secret of the doctor's success, however, in breaking down prejudice and winning the friendship and confidence of all people, was that he treated rich and poor, Turk, Kurd, Armenian, Christian, Jew or Moslem, all alike. Everyone who came in contact with him, no matter how rough or ignorant or wicked he might be, felt the Christlike spirit of brotherly kindness and self-forgetful, humble service that characterized the work of the skilled physician.

Not only for the doctor to enter, with his mes-

sage of love, were hearts and doors opened, but for others who were carrying the same message. One of the early operations which Dr. Shepard performed was on the son of a rough and wicked Turk who lived in a village four days' journey from Aintab. Years afterward, the Protestant preacher of the village was being stoned to death, for preaching the gospel which the people did not want to hear. He fled to the house of this Turk for protection.

"Who are you," asked the Turk, "and why do you come to me?"

"I am the Protestant preacher from Aintab," replied the man.

"Ha, come in," said the Turk, and shut his doors against the mob.

Then the mob appealed to the governor, who sent a policeman to the Turk with orders that he should give the preacher over to his persecutors.

"The man is a guest of mine," he replied; "a friend of my friend Dr. Shepard. I have ten sons and serving men, all well armed. If you think you can take my guest, come and try."

In many ways did the people express their gratitude and appreciation. A poor Kurdish woman

from some distant village would tramp long miles to bring to the doctor her humble gift of curds or cheese or butter churned in a hairy goatskin bag. The man with the vineyard or orchard would send in a basket of fruit or of grapes. The doctor often had quite a menagerie in his little walled-in garden; for all kinds of animals, from the graceful gazelle and domestic goat and sheep to the laughing hyena and the Arab horse, were brought in as thank-offerings. But the doctor made his patients feel that his all-controlling desire was to minister to them, and in doing this, his effort was always to point them to the Great Physician as the one to whom praise was due.

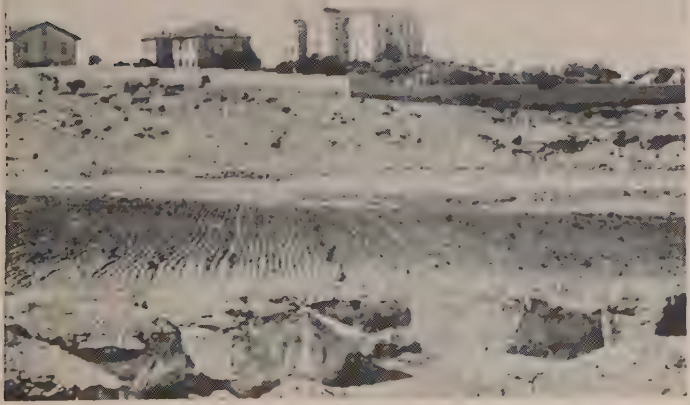
From a four days' journey beyond the Euphrates River, near the city of Oorfa, a man had brought his blind daughter to the hospital. Though nothing but a girl, she was the only one left of the many children in the family, and therefore she was unusually precious.

"I can operate on her," said the doctor, after examining the eyes, "but her sight will come back very slowly. You should wait here a long time."

But the father would not consent. Surely, the operation was all that was necessary. Had he

not talked with people whose eyes had been operated on and who could use them in a few weeks? So, in spite of what the doctor told him, he took her back to her home as soon as she could travel. "But she can hardly see at all," said friends when they reached home. "All that trouble and expense so that she can tell night from day!" And the father had to acknowledge his disappointment.

About a year later, Dr. Shepard was called by telegram to the city of Oorfa, to an urgent case. Riding day and night, with but an hour's stop now and then to feed his horse or snatch a nap, he reached the city in less than half the usual time. As he came into the market-place, he found it crowded with people at the baker's booth waiting for bread, men and boys with great trays of food on their heads calling their wares, and little children and dogs running about. Although stiff and travel-stained, he was obliged to dismount and lead his horse, whose feet slid on the slippery paving-stones as they threaded their way through the jostling crowd. Suddenly, out of the throng, darted a man, and falling at the doctor's muddy feet, embraced and kissed them, calling blessings unnumbered on his head.



I. THE WALLS OF THE "BLACK CITY" OF DIARBEKIR

II. VIEW OF CENTRAL TURKEY COLLEGE, AINTAB

"Who are you, brother?" asked the doctor.

"Why, don't you know?" replied the man. "I am the father of Sara who was blind. When I took her home, she could hardly see, but now she can do everything, even to working at her embroidery frame. God bless you!"

"Do not praise me, praise God through whom the cure has come, my brother. It is through his power alone that I can bring sight to the blind," he added, looking around on the crowd who had gathered to witness the scene.

One summer, when the doctor was away at his mountain camp, a messenger came hot-footed from Aintab, begging him to return and see a wealthy Catholic who was sick unto death. When Dr. Shepard reached the man's home, he found the patient needed an operation for abscess of the liver, caused by hard drinking. The operation was successful; the man got well and gave up drink. Some years later, when Mrs. Shepard was visiting in his home, she saw a little shrine, with an olive-oil wick, burning before a picture of the Virgin Mary.

"It has never gone out since the operation on my son," said the old mother. "This is the only way I have of showing my gratitude to God.

When the doctor himself was so ill with typhoid," she went on to say, "and they were saying all over the city that he was dying, *I* knew that he would *not* die. He is the father of the poor; and I was praying, and many others were praying, so he *could* not die."

In more senses than one was Dr. Shepard truly the "father of the poor." Five years after he reached Aintab, a terrible famine came upon the land. During this trying time, the doctor made a tour of some of the villages on the Adana plain.

"It was a sad sight," he wrote, "this great fertile plain as desolate as Sahara. Village after village was completely deserted or had a single family left to guard it. Very little grain had been sown or planted and what had been sown was dried up from the root. Cotton sowed in the black soil was withered as by fire."

Many of the people sold their beds and clothing and were eating leaves of wild mustard, turnip, and other plants, while the plains were strewn with dead sheep and Angora goats. The last cow or sheep, and in some cases the last measure of wheat, had been seized for taxes by a pitiless government. "The doctor's purse has a hole in the bottom," the people used to say, and many a

coin found its way through that hole into the hands of some starving child or woman.

Many women came every day, begging the *Khanum* to give them some work that they might feed their children. Beginning with the coarse but beautiful lace and embroidery they knew how to make, she taught them to use fine materials in forms which could be sold in America. From this humble beginning, grew a large industry which spread all over the empire and gave employment to thousands of women who, before that time, could do nothing but spin cotton or weave cloth and earn but a few cents a day. Giving them this new work, with better wages, raised the standard of wages for women in many other cities besides Aintab. In this city, the work was always known as "The Hospital Work."

"Theirs is the religion of kindness, the true religion," the people said, "else why should they, away out there in America, care how many of us die of starvation."

More than miracles of the surgeon's knife, more than medicine, more than relief for the poor, the doctor found the people needed to learn how to live in order to keep well. Called to a case of smallpox in the city, he found a group of friends

and relatives sitting around on the floor where the patient's mattress was spread. When he urged them to stay away, "Oh, we should not dare to stay away," they would say; "the sick person's feelings would be dreadfully hurt." Sometimes, as Jesus did in the house of Jairus, the doctor was obliged to send away people who were crowding about a very sick patient, waiting for her to die, so that they might take part immediately in the wail of mourning.

When a person was taken sick, especially if he had a skin disease, he was urged to go to the Turkish bath. Here, after undressing in a cool, outside room, he wrapped himself in a large gaily-colored square of cloth, put on some wooden clogs, and stepped into a steaming inner room. This was a huge room, paved with stones that were heated from beneath. Volumes of steam poured into it from the large, arched window of the huge, hot-water caldron. Hot and cold water flowed from faucets into little stone basins, and the whole place was echoing with the shouts of men trying to make themselves heard while jostling each other to get at the water first. What a perfect incubator for germs! But these people had never heard of germs.

The doctor, and especially the foreign doctor, in those early days was always the last resort. Called in winter to see a patient in a poor home, Dr. Shepard rode down the narrow, paved street between high stone walls. Entering one of the gates in the wall, and passing through the little courtyard to the one single room which served as bed-room, dining-room, and living-room for the whole family, he found the poor sufferer lying on his mattress on the floor, with a fever and cough which told of the last stages of tuberculosis. The cracks in the windows were pasted up with strips of paper and the room was unheated, except for a small brazier of hot ashes placed under a stool with a quilt thrown over it. The thinly-clad children were huddled on the floor around this stool, sticking their hands and feet under the quilt to keep them warm. At night, other mattresses and quilts were spread to form the bedroom, and the quilts were drawn tightly over the faces of the sleepers, to keep out what little fresh air might be in the room. At meal-time a tray was brought in, with a dish of food from which the whole family ate, dipping out morsels with bits broken from big, thin sheets of bread. Was it surprising that whole families were wiped out by the

dread disease which had, at first, attacked but one? The doctor put up a stiff fight against the "White Plague" which carried off so many victims, and tried to teach the people the value of fresh air and cleanliness. There was but one tuberculosis sanitarium in the whole Turkish Empire. One of the doctor's fondest dreams was to establish another in Aintab. But it was the same story as before. There was no one in America to catch the vision and furnish the needed funds. There was no new recruit to offer himself for such a service.

All the rubbish and garbage from the houses in Aintab were thrown out into the street, and the dogs were the only ones expected to take care of it. The waste water of the city was carried off by a foul-smelling, open gutter down the center of the street. Aintab, the Spring of Healing, was named after the magnificent, gushing spring, some miles distant, from which the water supply was brought to the city through an old Roman aqueduct. The water could not have been purer at its source, but as the watercourse ran under every street of the town, each house had its well-shaft through which the bucket was dropped to dip up water from the common supply. Cholera,

typhoid, and dysentery germs might, and often did, go down with the bucket; and the spring of healing became the spring of death.

In the summer of 1891, a terrible epidemic of cholera broke out in the city. A traveler came into Aintab, sick unto death with cholera. Finding a refuge in the yard of the mosque, he died there, and there he was bathed and prepared for the funeral. The water ran into the watercourse near its head, and germs were distributed all over the city.

"Flowing water cannot be contaminated," said the priest at the mosque. "It purifies itself within a few feet."

But the deaths increased and a hurry call was sent to Dr. Shepard, in his distant mountain camp. Within a few hours the Big Little Doctor had taken command. He marshaled all the doctors and druggists in the city, and organized them into "day" and " night" corps, to fight the dread disease. In all the churches and mosques they gave public lectures, telling the people that they must cook all solid food and boil everything they drank. "Must we drink the water boiling hot?" inquired one of the hearers.

The Christians obeyed, and fewer and fewer

were taken sick. But the Moslems said, "Of what use? If it is written on our foreheads that we shall die, we die; if it is written that we shall live, we live. Of what use is it to cook our food and boil the water we drink?" And many died. The doctor's brave fight, however, had saved many lives, and the new graves in Aintab were fewer by far than in the neighboring towns.

After it was all over, and the doctor was returning to his camp, he stopped for lunch at the spring of a little Turkish village. The usual throng of patients gathered about him, under the shadow of a great sycamore tree.

"Did the cholera come to your village?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And did many of your people die?"

" Oh, no, Allah be praised! No one in our village died. There were, indeed, fifteen or twenty women and such, who died, but, praise God, no *person* died."

"And that is the Turkish villager's idea of the fair sex," the doctor said, as he was telling the tale.

Eleven years after Dr. and Mrs. Shepard arrived in Turkey, they turned their faces back to

the homeland, for a year of rest and study. They went back richer than they had left, for two little daughters and a son went with them, eager to see the country about which their parents had told them such wonderful tales. Richer, too, they were in the love of the people whom they had saved from disease, famine, and pestilence. As they were about to leave, a beautiful silver filigree-work coffee-set was presented to them, by the people of the city. When, a year later, the beloved physician and his family returned to Aintab, while the party was still several hours out from the city, people began to greet and welcome them back. A committee of men representing the government rode far, on their prancing horses, to welcome them, and with them rode a large number of prominent citizens. As they drew nearer to the city, throngs of humbler folk, on donkeys or on foot, kept adding themselves to the company, until a huge cavalcade of one thousand persons escorted the doctor and his family back to the "Spring of Healing."

IV

THE HOSPITAL

IT is time in the hospital for the doctor's morning rounds. Down the long row of beds, on either side of the men's ward, eager faces look expectantly toward the door. Close beside the door is Mousa, the pale Jewish boy, and next to him the twelve-year-old Circassian, with face so swollen he can hardly see out of his little slits of eyes, but issuing commands right and left, and storming at the nurse who tries to give him medicine. Then comes the tall, gaunt Arab, whose jaw has been shattered by gunshot, and who cannot be satisfied with soft foods, but is rocking back and forth crying, "*Karnum doymade, Karnum doymade.*" [I'm still empty, I'm still empty.]

Running merrily about the ward is little Ahmed who, some weeks before, had fallen and broken his arm. The native bone-setter bound the arm so tightly that it died and dropped off. Finally,

his mother came with the poor little fellow to the hospital, bringing the arm along, that *Shippet,* the wonder-worker, might put it on again. Now he is chattering happily to the patients, as he fills their drinking-cups from the pitcher held in his left hand.

Over in one corner are six little lame boys, some on crutches, some in bed, one sitting in the wheel chair, all talking excitedly over the lesson they are to learn that day in their little reading class.

In the other corner lies the dignified, white-bearded, Gregorian priest, and hard by a Turkish *Hodja,* or Moslem religious leader, who, from his village minaret, was wont to give the five-times-daily call to prayer.

Another Moslem religious leader, a very holy man who yesterday had a cataract operation and had been told he must be quiet for three days, has risen on his knees in bed and is facing the east; he is trying to go through the genuflections of his prayers across the narrow bed. "But *Baba, Baba,"* [Father, Father] cries the horrified nurse, catching sight of him. "Lie down, you will hurt your eye. What will the doctor say, when he comes in!" A young Armenian teacher from a

Catholic school in a village near-by lays aside his prayer-book as the doctor's voice is heard in the corridor outside.

Near the door lies a tall, powerful Kurd who never before has seen aught beyond his tiny village. The American nurse has just put the thermometer into his mouth. He thinks it is a new kind of pill and, to her dismay, starts to swallow it. At that moment the doctor appears in the doorway. "Oh, doctor," she cries, pointing to the patient, " he's swallowing the thermometer!" With one swift leap, the doctor is at the bedside. He seizes the man by the back of the neck and tips him, head first, out of bed, shouting to him to "spit it out." Out flies the precious thermometer onto the floor—unbroken!

After this little diversion, the doctor goes on his way down the rows of cots,—a joke here, a sympathetic word there, a nod,—and the Big Little Doctor has passed on, leaving a sense of warm interest and friendliness, of courage and good cheer, among patients and nurses alike. Into the small private room he steps, where the walls are decorated with guns, cartridge-belts, powder-horns, pistols, swords, and daggers. These belong to the wounded Kurdish robber-chief who is

required for justice as soon as his wound shall have healed. Ten fierce-looking attendants from his own band he keeps with him to do his bidding, sending them dashing off, in hot haste, here and there, and woe to the one who may be caught napping!

"How now," says the doctor sternly; "you have been tampering with this bandage again; your wound will never heal if you keep reinfecting it."

"What can I do," replies the man, with a shrug, "you know when I am well, it is prison for me."

In the women's ward, the same eager expectation of the doctor's visit is felt. Morning prayers, conducted by the American nurse, are over; the beds have been smoothed out, the patients made comfortable. Near the door lies a little Jewish girl with spinal caries; she has been so shy and quiet that no one has been able to get a word from her. Leaning over her bed, with the smile and the twinkle of the eyes that are so irresistible, the doctor makes some funny remark, and suddenly such a peal of merry, rollicking laughter rings out from the silent little girl that everyone in the ward chimes in.

"What is this, my sister?" the doctor asks one of the poor women who has come in a few days before with some ugly gunshot wounds inflicted by her husband, half dead from the long journey, bound to a rough board as a stretcher.

"Oh, that is my Bible," she replies weakly. "I cannot read it, but when I have it there, under my pillow, I am not so much afraid." There is a suspicious brightness about the doctor's eyes as he turns away.

And these patients, gathered together from among so many different races and creeds, somehow get the feeling that they are brothers and sisters, after all, for has not the great doctor treated them all as such?

As Dr. Shepard passes out of the building, throngs of people from the city await him. "*Aman Doctor Effendi,*" one and another begs; a woman throws herself at his feet, pleading for a visit to her sick child; a man lays hold on the bridle of his horse, as he mounts to answer an urgent call. Patiently the doctor replies to each one "Yes, sister, in an hour,—yes, father, in the evening,—yes, brother, I will come to your house first." "*Shippet* is going by, *Shippet* is going by," shout the street urchins, as he guides his

horse over the slippery pavement of the narrow streets.

Arrived at the home of the patient, a miserable room with no sunshine and no heat, the doctor slips off his shoes at the threshold, according to Oriental custom, and sits right down on the floor, or on the patient's low mattress, never for a moment seeming to fear contamination.

"Where is the pain, my child?" he asks, with a gentle hand laid on the pulse; and even before the prescription is written, his very presence seems to bring healing.

The afternoon finds Dr. Shepard at the operating table, an ordinary wooden table covered with zinc, on which he has performed successfully hundreds of difficult operations. The doctor, for many years, has heroically faced handicaps which baffled others before him. Since the day when, a year after his arrival, the little hospital of ten beds was formally opened, he and his associates have, by care and ingenuity, made up for the lack of well-nigh indispensable equipment.

The story of the hospital and its growth through those years, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, is a thrilling one.

After the first missionary who tried to make an

I. DR. CAROLINE F. HAMILTON WITH AN ARMFUL OF TINY PATIENTS

II. DR. SHEPARD AND HIS ASSISTANTS AT THE HOME-MADE OPERATING-TABLE

entrance into the city had been stoned out of the streets, Dr. Azariah Smith made a second attempt. He was received nowhere except at a Turkish inn, and from there he was about to be driven away, when the inn-keeper's wife fell sick, and because of his ministrations to her, the closed door was opened.

On Dr. Smith's death, a memorial fund was raised with which was begun the hospital that bears his name. When the medical department of the college of which the hospital was a part had to be given up, Dr. Shepard turned all his attention to the work of building up the hospital and its practise. But what a struggle it was! From the first, his own earnings formed a large proportion of the support of the hospital, and many a time did he make a perilous journey to some distant town to earn a big fee which he could apply to his loved work. Many a vacation was given up in order to earn enough to keep the hospital free from debt. His reputation had become such that, at any time, he could have gained in private practise many times the amount of his salary. But every ounce of his strength and skill were devoted to the service of his Master, and with brave heart he went ahead.

If only there might be enough doctors and nurses to keep the hospital open through the summer as well as the winter! One summer they tried it, and 6144 patients were treated, many of whom might otherwise have perished, but all the staff were so worn out that they never dared to make another attempt. For twenty years, Dr. Shepard, doing the work of three ordinary men, called again and again for some young man to come over and help him, but no one saw the vision.

"Is it possible, six hundred operations and only fifteen deaths?" one would ask who entered the operating-room and saw the meager equipment.

For many years there was no sterilizer. All the instruments had to be boiled in an ordinary kettle. Then a tiny sterilizer was secured, finally, a larger one, a crude affair, manufactured in a distant city and brought, with great difficulty, to Aintab. When the operations lasted until dark, which often happened with from six to ten serious cases in an afternoon, kerosene lamps, held by the nurses, were the only means of furnishing light.

For twenty-five years, practically no new instruments could be secured. With the almost

incredible number of eye-cases, there was no dark room for eye examinations. With the thousands of diagnoses made in the clinics every year, there was no X-ray apparatus or cystoscope; and the bacteriological laboratory was a tiny room hardly larger than a closet. There was no heating-plant, no dry-room for clothes in winter, no separate building for contagious cases, no ward for the many suffering from tuberculosis. Apparatus for extension of broken limbs, incubators for babies, —all such contrivances had to be devised by the doctor himself. With the growth of the work, the growth of the hospital was imperative. Before 1890 a new wing had been built, making possible an addition of twenty beds in the wards. The early work of Mrs. Shepard, in seeing women patients in clinics and in their homes, had borne fruit; and it was now possible to take women as well as men into the hospital. The work which she had given up to devote herself to the lace industry, and to other missionary activities, was taken up, in 1893, by Dr. Caroline Hamilton who, with the same spirit of devotion and heroism as Dr. Shepard, shared with him the difficulties and the successes in the hospital.

As the name and fame of *Shippet* spread far-

ther and farther, patients came from an ever widening circle. As the number of native physicians increased, and hospitals were established at one center and another, the operative cases became more and more difficult. March and April were the months when medicine was supposed to be most effective and operations most successful. So, in the spring, as the roads became warmer and drier, a steady stream of patients poured in from distant places. Many of these had to wait for weeks before they could be taken in and treated.

Many might have received treatment outside, if they but had a place to stay. Through the generosity of some friends, in 1907, just back of the hospital was erected a little hostel of four rooms, for such cases.

This new building gave space for the opening of a soup kitchen for those who needed proper food more than medicine and were too poor to buy it. In 1910-11, terrible winter storms, such as had not been known for sixty years, followed one upon another. Roads were blocked. Camel caravans came in without their drivers, who were later found frozen to death. Fuel could not be found, and people were burning even the doors and furni-

ture from their houses. One family, utterly without fuel, took the donkey into the house that they might be warmed by its heat. What a boon it was then, and in later years of stress, for the sick to receive soup and milk and bread and even charcoal from the soup kitchen.

"Blessings are showered upon me every day," wrote the doctor, " by Turk and Christian alike, for the help thus afforded. I found one day, in a dark room, a bed-ridden Turkish woman with three children, her husband gone to the war and nothing to eat except what was sent in by her neighbors. She was much more grateful for the soup and bread than for the medicine which cost four times as much." During one season, no less than 12,750 meals were served from the kitchen to 280 persons.

Can a hospital be carried on without nurses? There was always one devoted American nurse working with the doctors, and sometimes there were two. But with only *one* nurse for so many patients, and especially for so many operations, when everything had to be sterilized in an ordinary kettle, the problem became serious. Yet in the early days it was impossible to find any but native women, all untrained, who were willing to

care for the patients, and two of these had tuberculosis. As in most Oriental countries, caring for the sick was considered a demeaning occupation. Women were afraid of contagion, and young girls were kept closely at home, in the early days not even being allowed to go to school. What patience, what sympathy, what alertness, were necessary on the part of the American doctors and nurses to watch and train the ignorant women and girls who were willing to come in to help. The need for trained nurses grew more and more imperative. By the year 1912, several Armenian girls, some of whom had been educated in the mission schools, were willing to adopt nursing as a profession, and a nurses' training-school was opened. It was a proud day when three of these student-nurses actually received their diplomas, and a fourth was given a special certificate for proficiency and efficiency, after ten years of service. These nurses were in great demand for service in the military hospitals during the war. One of them was put in charge of the Red Crescent hospital in Aintab. The conditions she found in the hospital were unspeakable. Many of the beds had no sheets, all kinds of contagious diseases were crowded together in the same room, there

were no sanitary arrangements, and no bathing facilities except the cold-water pump in the yard, while the filth and stench in some of the rooms were so unbearable that the Turkish doctors would not enter to see the patients. With marvelous tact, dignity, and patience, this Christian nurse, who was "nothing but a girl," succeeded in getting what she demanded from the Turkish officials and wrought such a transformation in that pest-house that six other hospitals were placed under her supervision. The nurses' training-school had proved its worth.

There was no corner drug-store where the thousands of prescriptions, given out in clinics and homes, could be filled. All drugs had to be ordered by the doctor himself, from England and America. In the original drug-room that the doctor had found on his arrival, the faithful Armenian druggist put up thousands of prescriptions, year after year. The doctor, always quick to note and appreciate fine qualities in his associates, paid the following tribute to this faithful member of his staff:

"The way in which our dispenser handles the enormous work of his department is noteworthy. To put up more than 20,000 prescriptions a year

with unfailing accuracy, and to meet the 20,000 people and their friends with whom he has to deal, with unvarying urbanity and courtesy, is a great achievement."

It was a happy day for the doctor when a gift from a friend in England, Miss Anna Marsten, made it possible to put up a new dispensary building, with a large drug-room and waiting-room, and also with smaller dressing-rooms and consultation-rooms.

The permit for the building was applied for, the stone was quarried and brought in, the lumber was gathered together; but with characteristic Turkish deliberation, where everything has to be done after much coffee drinking, the permit was delayed. The doctor soon hatched a scheme by which the building need not be delayed. He put up a wall about the site, which was on American property and so not under Turkish rule, made a camp within the walls, and engaged the stonemasons and carpenters to come there to live; so the work went merrily on. If a man stepped out, he was promptly arrested; whereupon the doctor would make a friendly call on the governor, pay the man's fine to release him from prison, and promptly get him back to work.

The final hospital building, a memorial fund for which had been started at the doctor's twenty-fifth anniversary celebration, was planned and begun by the doctor, but only half finished when the war put an end to all building activities.

It is a week-day evening at the hospital. The American nurse steps into the large ward for men, and in one corner marshals her "crutch brigade" —a class which includes all who can walk or hobble about on crutches.

"Which hymn would you like to-night, Ahmed?" she asks; and Ahmed, though a Moslem, is ready with his choice

"I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger."

The hymn, always a favorite, is not yet finished, when there is heard a little noise at the door opening at the top of the stairs from the floor below. It is Sulieman who, lame in both feet, has heard the singing and has dragged himself upstairs; now he is sitting on the floor, pushing himself along, to reach the Crutch Brigade. A wild young Arab, taken into the hospital a few days before, with bullet wounds in shoulder and back, comes stalking in and sits down on a bench in the center of the circle. After the reading, the

prayer, and the singing are all over, with a broad smile, he brings out the one word,

"*Taib.*" [Good.]

At a Sunday evening meeting in the same ward, after the chaplain has given a little talk, he turns to Mousa, the young Jewish lad, and asks, "What would you say to Jesus if he should come to you?"

"I would thank him," comes the prompt reply.

"Thank him; what for?"

"Because he has saved me."

As a result of what he has heard and learned in one of these meetings, Khachadour, the poor stable-boy and wagon drivers' lad, takes with him gospel tracts to scatter on his way, and through this humble lad's faith, others come to know the Father God.

A Moslem patient, who has a particularly loathsome disease which needs a dressing every day, receives the personal care of the doctor himself. His friends, sitting in the corner, look on with wonder.

"We call ourselves Muslim" [the devoted one] they say, "but the truly devoted are these Christian doctors and nurses who are willing to do even this foul work."

Patients, returning to their far-off villages, spoke of the hospital as Jesus Hospital, and even Moslems said it was Jesus who cured them there, while others averred that it was the doctor's faith which cured them.

V

HORSES AND BANDITS

IT was the doctor's first Christmas in Turkey. A big snow-storm had covered hill and plain and blotted out the narrow trail of sixty miles between Aintab and Marash. Plowing through the swirling desert of snow appeared a long-legged horse and its rider, a short, thick-set man wearing a big fur coat, cap drawn down over his forehead, and carrying a gun slung over his shoulder. A few weeks before, the doctor had made the two days' journey to Marash in one, in order to do some dentistry for several missionaries. After finishing a good round job of fifty fillings, he was now hastening home to spend Christmas with his wife.

"Come, Selim," he said to his horse, impatient of the delay, "let's take this short cut and see if we can't make a little better time."

But the short cut soon led into a trackless waste of drifts which seemed to appear and disappear

in the swirling snow. The doctor, who had been only two months in the country, and had not then learned every inch of that way as he had in later years, lost both road and direction.

"Well, Selim, old boy, I guess you will have to guide us home to-night. Let's see what you can do," he said, laying the reins loose on the horse's neck.

As if waiting for the chance, Selim turned and picked his way through the drifts in the gathering darkness, and presently brought his master safely home. With beard all hanging with icicles and the snow frozen to his coat, like a veritable Santa Claus, the doctor burst into the house with a hearty "Merry Christmas."

Many were the devoted horse friends the doctor had. Some of them he himself raised and trained. He understood them and they understood him. One day, when he was riding in company with a number of ladies on a narrow rocky path, one of the horses suddenly cut some dangerous caper. He shouted to it, and the horse, recognizing the voice, because it had been trained by Dr. Shepard, immediately became quiet. The doctor turned around with a smile and said, "A nervous colt cares a good deal more about a fly

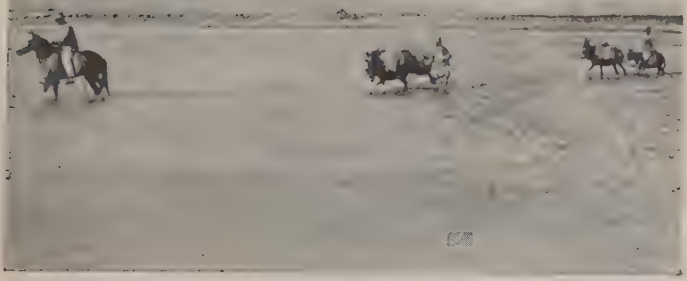
buzzing around the end of his nose than he does about jumping off a precipice."

Benito, the horse that was stolen from Manoog, was almost human in his intelligence. Though he had done his master many a good turn, yet once the faithful horse played a joke on him which the doctor loved to tell. It was on the return trip of a journey to Marash. The doctor had reached the hill from which he could see Aintab, still some two hours' ride across the muddy plain. In spite of his heavy fur coat, he was chilled to the bone and he dismounted to walk, dropping the reins on Benito's neck, as he had done many a time before. When he was warm again, he called to the horse, walking a little distance ahead, to stop that he might mount. Always before Benito had obeyed that call; but to-night he was tired and he only turned around and looked at his master, then walked quietly on again. Again and again his master called, but each time Benito only stopped, looked around, and walked ahead, obliging the doctor, wearing his heavy fur coat, to tramp those two long hours through sticky mire, all the way to Aintab.

The strength and agility Dr. Shepard had developed as a boy stood him in good stead on his

horseback trips, for he often had to calculate in a flash what was best to do in an emergency and to act on the instant. One day his horse suddenly stepped into a narrow ditch that had been dug over night and was thrown forward. As the doctor went flying over the horse's head, he looked back over his shoulder and saw the horse coming on top of him. The instant he touched ground, he made a quick handspring, landing on his feet some distance away. "I am something like a cat," he remarked with a twinkle in his eyes. "I usually land on my hands and feet."

On another occasion, when Dr. Shepard was escorting some ladies to Marash, he tried a short cut over the muddy Bazarjuk Plain, which was crisscrossed by irrigating ditches. Coming across a narrow ditch, the doctor urged his horse in, to discover its depth before the others of the party should try the ford. The ditch proved very deep and muddy. The doctor realized that, in another instant, his horse would be mired in the quicksand. With one spring he was on his feet in the saddle, with another he stood on the opposite bank, giving the reins such a terrific pull that he dragged the horse to safety with him. The others profited by his experience.



I. DR. SHEPARD AND ONE OF HIS FAVORITE HORSES

II. WHEN FORDING A RIVER, THE HORSE BECOMES A REAL FRIEND

The people of the country said Dr. Shepard needed a war horse; for when called to an urgent case in a distant city, he spared neither himself nor his horse, although he knew how to conserve every moment of time and every ounce of strength. A man once brought him a horse which he said he knew was the kind the doctor needed. "No," said the doctor, looking the animal over, "he is not what I want."

"He is yours," insisted the man, "keep him and use him. If you can tire him by your hardest trip, then give him back again." So the doctor kept him and named him Dervish.

Not long after this, in the dead of winter, when the roads were at their worst, came a telegram from the black city of Diarbekir, begging the doctor to come to a wealthy Turkish patient who lay dangerously ill. It might be a hopeless case. On the other hand, the young Armenian doctor who had the case might get in trouble if this prominent Turk should die without a consultation, and Dr. Shepard was always ready to do his utmost for his native associates. Then, too, there would be a big fee for the hospital, for Dr. Shepard charged by the distance, "*ayak teri*" [foot sweat] the people called the fee, one gold

lira for every hour of caravan time, and Diarbekir was ten days' journey away.

Within an hour, his saddle-bags packed with hard tack, doughnuts, and instruments, the doctor was off. Every four hours he would stop to get a new gendarme with a fresh horse; but there was no stop for Dervish, nor any fresh mount for the doctor,—only a bag of barley for the horse and an hour of rest for his rider. The first day's ride took him to the banks of the Euphrates. That night, as he left the picturesque village of Birejik, with its old castle on the river, at one o'clock in the cold moonlight, he looked back for his guard and saw, to his dismay, a little shriveled-up old Negro on a rackabones of a horse that looked as if it had been tied together and might fall to pieces at any moment. "We shan't make much time on this leg of the journey," thought the doctor, as he led off at a sharp trot. Before long the guard was riding close beside him.

"Shan't we try a little gallop, *Doctor Effendi?*" asked the Negro in a cracked little voice.

The doctor needed no second invitation; but it was all he could do to keep within sight of the tail of the old gray rackabones all the way to the next stop. There was no stop for Dervish that

morning, however, after the night's work,—only a bag of barley and an hour's rest, and on again, over icy mountain and muddy plain, through snowy valley and swollen stream. On the fourth day, when gendarme after gendarme had been dropped behind, the doctor and Dervish saw the black turrets in the distance and knew that they had won through. The horse had proved his mettle. He was indeed, as his master had said, a horse the doctor could not tire.

The government required that every foreigner should travel with a guard, disclaiming all responsibility for one who traveled alone. Almost always on these trips the doctor's gun was slung over his shoulder, for when the gendarme dropped behind on a perilous road, he might have to face a highwayman alone.

"Too bad," he used to say, "that when a man goes on an errand of mercy, he should have to go armed like a brigand."

On several occasions, however, his gun stood him in good stead.

There was a certain fountain, backed by a high hill near the city of Marash, which at one time had a bad reputation, so many highway robberies had occurred there. Once, when passing this place

alone, he noticed a man sitting by the roadside, and somehow he did not like his looks. He did not fear one unmounted man, but he knew the way of robbers. They would first experiment with a traveler, and try to size him up, as to courage and importance, before attacking him. They would ride by a man and look him over, then dash up and attack from the rear. Dr. Shepard knew that this man might have companions within call, and that the most dangerous thing that he himself could do was to show the white feather. So, as soon as he saw the man, he quietly swung his gun around, pointing across his knee. The man approached, took his horse by the bridle, and asked the doctor the time of day. Suddenly cocking his gun, Dr. Shepard replied,

"About time for you to be getting out of here!" The man took to his heels!

Once he was traveling the road to Hadjin, in the Taurus Mountains. His servant, a devoted and level-headed Armenian, was with him. It was late afternoon. The road, a comparatively broad and well-built one, was very steep and wound among forests. Happening to look back, he saw two Circassians on good mounts coming behind them from the ravine they had just left.

Now, the Circassians are the boldest and cruelest robbers in Turkey. They have no fear of the Turkish government, because the Turkish government is really afraid of them. Dr. Shepard used to say that they were the only highwaymen in the country who would unhesitatingly kill or injure those whom they robbed, and that he had seen so much of their work that he considered them utterly inhuman. There was once a patient in the hospital whose tongue had been pulled out by such robbers; perhaps, as the doctor suggested, because he was a little saucy.

On this afternoon, therefore, it was not reassuring to see these horsemen approaching, but he knew that the worst thing he could do would be to show fear. They wore the usual black, Persian lamb caps and tight-skirted coats, with a perfect arsenal of cartridges, and carried daggers at their sides. Each had, beside, a revolver and a gun. Their intensely black eyes looked out under beetling brows, in striking contrast to their rather pale skins. They addressed Dr. Shepard roughly.

"You ought not to be out on the road alone."

Dr. Shepard recognized this as a test question, and replied shortly, "I'm not alone."

"There are only two of you. It's not enough."

"And there are only two of you."

"Ah-h-h, but we're Circassians!"

"And who am I?"

At this the men rode on, and he saw no more of them. Evidently they had decided that he was a person whom it would not be well to molest.

Dr. Shepard used to say that, when robbers attacked a caravan, it was generally quite sufficient to ride at them, crack your whip and bellow. Once, however, the doctor actually was robbed. It was after the massacre of 1909, when he was in charge of the reconstruction work in the burned villages of the Amanus Mountains. Back and forth he went, over the rocky, difficult trails, carrying with him saddle-bags full of gold, for the work of relief and rebuilding.

"Now is my chance," thought the bold Kurdish outlaw Abtino. Many a caravan had he robbed and many a man had he killed for his money.

On a certain Saturday afternoon the doctor was riding through a narrow defile in one of the loneliest parts of the mountain. His trusty servant, Heokkesh, rode behind him, carrying his gun. The doctor was unarmed. Suddenly, from behind some bushes at the top of the ravine, dashed

down six burly Kurds. Instantly the servant took aim at the leader of the robber band.

"Don't shoot," cried the doctor, knowing the game would be up with them should they begin the fight. At the same moment, his long arm shot out and knocked the gun out of his servant's hand. While Dr. Shepard was thus saving Abtino from his servant's bullet, one of the outlaw band from behind dealt the doctor a dastardly blow on the back of his head which felled him to the ground. Then the robbers gleefully tied the hands of the doctor and his servant and made them sit down behind a clump of bushes, while they ransacked the saddle-bags. They found doughnuts, hard tack, raisins, a change of clothing, a stethoscope, and a medicine case—nothing more.

"Where is all the gold they say you have been carrying?" demanded the outlaw.

The doctor, with his keen sense of humor, was beginning to enjoy the joke.

"If you had known Dr. Shepard better," he replied, "you would have known that you could not find any money about him."

"You lie!" cried the robber, and started to go through the pockets of the prisoners. They found a gold watch, a pocket-knife, and a few *mejidieh*

[silver coin worth about eighty cents]—nothing more.

"Now, by Allah!" swore Abtino, "I ought by good rights to kill you for this. From the meanest traveler I get more than this, and from you I expected to get at least two hundred liras!" [A lira, in Turkey, is a gold piece worth about $4.40.]

"You'd better kill him, anyway," advised Ali Geozuk, one of the robber gang. "They say no one who has touched Dr. Shepard ever gets off without his dues."

"Fool," replied the outlaw, "would you have me run my own head into a noose? We will keep them until sundown, and then let them go."

Until sundown, therefore, from behind bushes, the doctor had a chance to watch how the outlaws went about their work, as every passing horseman or caravan was held up and robbed. He thus completes the story in his own words:

"I was so relieved, because I had no relief funds with me, that the whole thing rather took, in my mind, the aspect of a good joke on the robbers. A week before, I traveled the same road with over seven hundred pounds in money in my saddle-bags, but that time I was armed (when robbed I was wholly unarmed), and should have

put up a lively fight—very likely I should have lost my life and the gold to boot; in any case, I should have killed several Kurds, a thing I had no wish to do. The whole thing seems to have been providential. The robbers have been captured near Diarbekir, and Abtino will doubtless be hung. He had previously killed about a score of men, and since robbing me he has killed three more." Later, the doctor was called as a witness at the trial of Abtino by court-martial and he describes it thus:

"He still sticks to the tale he told the Vali [governor], that Dr. Shepard treated him for sixteen days in the hospital at Aintab, for which service he owes the doctor fifty liras, and because he failed to pay the same, the doctor brings this false charge against him—a tale which amused the court-martial but did not redound to Abtino's advantage. The fellow was brought in, chained to a young Kurd whom I had never seen before. I was sorry for the rascal; he acted like a fox I once caught in a steel trap."

Abtino was convicted and hung. His brother and Ali Geozuk swore vengeance on the doctor and threatened to kill him on sight, but four years later, Ali Geozuk was shot by a company of

gendarmes sent after him by the government, and Abtino's brother fled the country.

There was one occasion, however, when the fearless doctor was really afraid, and it was the gun which he carried for protection that gave him the fright. He was returning with his wife and children from the summer camp, where they had spent a glorious six weeks. The grateful darkness had fallen, after the long, hot ride of the day. Mrs. Shepard, weary of riding in the saddle, asked if she might not change to the load, for a rest. The doctor dismounted, and, holding his gun in one hand, was helping her off with the other. Meanwhile, the stallion he had been riding began to paw at Mrs. Shepard's horse and struck the hammer of the doctor's gun. There was a loud report. At the same instant Mrs. Shepard slid from her saddle to the ground. For a moment the bullet's work was uncertain.

"Did it hit *you,* dear?" came the words in terror and anguish.

"No, no," came the quick, reassuring reply.

Dr. Shepard, however, was exceedingly careful about his firearms. He always unloaded his gun when through with it. A revolver he distrusted and he seldom carried one. "It is a tricky

weapon," he used to say, "it is so short, you never know where it is pointing."

When Abtino's brother and Ali Geozuk were seeking his life, however, the doctor yielded to the pleas of his friends and borrowed a revolver to take with him on a trip through the mountain region where the outlaws were said to be lying in wait. After a time, getting tired of so much paraphernalia, the doctor put the little "automatic" into the side-pocket of his coat. In some of his curvetings, his horse banged the shotgun, slung as usual over the doctor's shoulder, against the revolver in his pocket, and exploded it, sending the bullet through the doctor's leg. Fortunately, he had some iodine with him, and his companion, an Armenian doctor, had some gauze; so they bandaged the wound and went on their way, glad that the accident was no worse.

Thirty-one years after that first Christmas, when Dr. Shepard and his good horse had made their way home through drifting snow, again on a Christmas Day, he was battling over the same road. This time he rode in a carriage of the prairie-schooner style. Thirty-one years see some changes even in Turkey, and a carriage road (so called by courtesy) had been built between Aintab

and Marash. The doctor still preferred his horse, but on this occasion it had not been "fit," and his patient had furnished the carriage. The doctor now knew the road and strapped his saddle on the back of the carriage, so that if the vehicle should get stuck in mud or snow, he might mount one of the horses and push on. The return trip proved the doctor's wisdom. In his own words he tells the story of that trip:

"I left Marash Tuesday morning, at about nine o'clock, in a carriage and with rather threatening weather; but we got along nicely, although there was a little snow falling, until we were about halfway up the mountain this side of the Bazarjuk Plain, when a regular blizzard struck us, and from there on, for about an hour, it was a question whether we could win through or not. The driver would have perished, I think, had I not had an extra greatcoat to give him. Several times I thought we would surely be blown off the mountain, but at last the well-blown horses pulled me into the inn yard, although even there the air was so full of whirling snow that one could scarcely distinguish their heads from their tails, and while I was helping the half-frozen driver to take them from the wagon, my hat was so suddenly blown from my head that I never saw where it went. There was but one unoccupied room in the inn, and

not long after I had gotten settled in that, with a young Turkish soldier on his way to join his regiment in Marash, four more soldiers came in, half perished from the storm, and of course I had to make them as welcome as might be in my room. With six of us and two braziers of charcoal in the small room, it was soon warm enough to be bearable, and I slept as well as my rheumatic joints would permit.

When the belated morning light finally appeared, it was still blowing great guns, and it was obviously out of the question for the carriage to go on. So I mounted the best of the three horses, and pushed out into the swirling whiteness. Many stretches of road were blown clear of snow, and on these I made good time, nor did I find any very deep drifts until I reached the end of the made road, up on top of the plateau. Here the snow was deeper, and the wind, having a freer sweep, had piled it in deeper drifts; and in many places these were so deep that my little horse could not flounder through with me on his back, so I frequently had to dismount and break a track, through which he could wallow along behind me. But by dint of taking to the fields and hillsides, where the snow was shallowest, keeping along the windward side of walls and hedges, and after again coming to the half-built road, by riding along on top of the cracked stone piled beside the road-bed, I managed to make some progress. I met the post—three laden horses and three

mounted men—at about noon, and soon afterward a small caravan, and so had a broken track the rest of the way, and finally, as I got within three hours of Aintab, a well-beaten one; whereupon my little horse plucked up courage and paddled in the rest of the way, as if nothing had happened to him. It seemed very good to be home again, and to find every one so glad to see me. Your mother soon had a warm meal for me, which, as I had eaten nothing since the evening before, tasted very good indeed.

Although the doctor was ready at any moment to brave the perils of the road to save a life, whether of Christian, Kurd, or Turk, yet there was a special pull on his heartstrings when the call came from some missionary associate in a distant place. At four in the afternoon of an early spring day, while at the operating-table, a telegram was handed to the doctor. "Carrie ill—come at once." Two days' journey far across the mountain ranges and across the plain full of swollen streams and sloughs, the anxious parents were waiting. "When would the telegram reach the doctor?" Like everything else in Turkey, telegrams were slow, and often Dr. Shepard would reach a place in time to receive his own telegram announcing his coming.

"How long would it take him to reach them over those difficult roads?" At five o'clock the doctor was on his way. At dark the mountain range was crossed, and he pulled up at the door of the house of his Kurdish friend, Mahmoud Agha. While the horse had his bag of barley, the members of his friend's household vied with one another to do honor to the loved guest. They brought him a ewer and basin to bathe his feet, and a dish of hot soup, with bread and curds and cheese for his evening meal.

"Can I get across the ford at the *Ak Su?*" [White Water] asked the doctor anxiously.

"I fear not, *Effendi;* there has been much snow and rain, and the water runs by like a sea."

"But the bridge is two hours' down-stream, and that will lose me four hours' time. It is a child that needs me and I cannot delay."

"*Inshallah* [God willing], the *Doctor Effendi* can pass the ford. You have no guard; I will come with you to the water."

Mounting his old gray mare, the Kurd rode beside the doctor, guiding him, in the darkness, around the sloughs to the river, which rolled in a turbulent torrent down the plain.

"Entrusted to Allah," he shouted as the doctor

rode into the swollen and turbulent stream and then disappeared in the darkness.

Carefully the horse picked his way over the mud bottom, while the cold, swirling water rose first to his belly, then to his shoulders.

"Steady, there, boy, I'm with you."

As the horse lost bottom and began to swim, the doctor loosened his coat and, sliding off into the water, held on to the pommel of his saddle with one hand, while he pulled a strong stroke with the other. After a sharp fight with the current, drenched and shivering, horse and rider scrambled up onto the farther bank and groped their way back to the road up-stream; for the current had carried them far down as they swam. But the four hours had been saved, and morning found the doctor at the home of his little patient.

So well had the doctor come to know the roads of the country, and how to manage everything on a journey by horse or carriage, that he was asked, time and time again, to escort a party of recently-arrived missionaries over the road from Alexandretta to Aintab or to other cities farther in the interior. Many were the tales he would tell them to while away the time, as they rode over the long miles; how, at a certain point one day, over-

come with sleep, he had lain down for a nap, and his faithful horse, Abdullah, had licked his face to wake him when a caravan of camels passed by; how, when one of the women missionaries was riding his splendid horse through the market-place in Oorfa, he had heard one Turk say to another, "Isn't it a shame to have a fine horse like that ridden by a woman!" And how, as he was escorting a party of ladies riding in two carriages through the streets of Kilis, a fat old Turk, standing beside the village fountain, turned to another man and remarked, "The *Doctor Effendi,* it seems, has increased his harem!" He told how, stopping at a certain khan one day, he boasted of his camp omelet to the lady he was escorting; how he placed the eggs in readiness on a stool and then, forgetting them, almost sat down on them, when a scream from the lady saved the eggs—and his trousers. There was a twinkle of the eye which came before each story and a chuckle which followed. Another device the doctor used to shorten a tedious journey was his pocket chessboard. The tiny, folding box which held the chessmen opened out into a miniature board. The men stood firmly on pegs fitted into little round holes in the squares, so that the board could be

passed back and forth, from one horseback rider to another; and many a hard-fought game did the doctor win from some companion as they covered the dusty miles.

In 1911, when the doctor was returning from a year's visit to his native land, some new missionaries for Harpoot, a city farther inland than Aintab, traveled with him. One of them thus tells of their journey together:

"It was the overland journey from Alexandretta to Aintab that revealed to us the love which Dr. Shepard had won in the hearts of the people of Turkey. As I saw him minister to the multitudes, I could only think of our Savior and what they said of him. "And he had compassion on them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd." At Hamam, where we spent the day in misery fighting flies and fleas, the doctor ministered to a great crowd of people. It was noised abroad that he was there (though he hoped to get through without having it known) and the people began to come to him at seven o'clock in the morning, and kept coming until evening.

The rest of us did not care to spend another night in the khan, and so Dr. Shepard persuaded the wagon-drivers to travel at night, as it was moonlight. This they consented to do. At nine o'clock we were packed up and ready to go. We

had got fairly well started on our night's ride, when some one came galloping after us on horseback. Another patient had been brought in from a village to see the doctor. He went back to give the desired help and we waited.

The next day we reached Kilis. There he was received with open arms by the Protestant pastor and the Gregorian priest who both kissed him on both cheeks and hugged him violently. The news soon spread that he was there, and again the sick were brought to him. A room in a house was given him, and all day he ministered to the sick, even until nine o'clock in the evening, when we started on our journey again. The words of an Aintab Seminary schoolgirl, who lived in that village and who called on us, expressed the feeling we all had concerning him. As we sat watching from the window old and young, sick and infirm, deaf and blind, some brought in ox-carts, some on the backs of mothers or husbands, some walking, but all in distress, waiting to see the doctor, this girl said, "He is just like Jesus, isn't he? That is the way He did." And we all answered, "Yes."

VI

FACING THE MOB

WHILE Dr. Shepard, by his life of devoted service to men of all races and religions alike, was preaching the gospel of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, Abdul Hamid, upon his throne, was plotting how he might fan into flame dissensions and hatreds among his subjects. Wily old fox that he was, he made many promises to England, signed and sealed, to reform his government and take better care of his Christian subjects; but within his empire his spies were busily at work. Every book or paper that came into the country was strictly censored. Magazines were delivered from the post-office with holes cut in their pages, or with whole leaves gone, where some objectionable phrase or article had been found.

A life of Dwight L. Moody, sent from America to Mrs. Shepard, was held by the censor. When she requested that, if it could not come into

Turkey, it might be sent back, she received the reply that the book was not fit to be read in *any* country and should be destroyed. An Armenian preacher was imprisoned on the charge of using the phrase "Kingdom of God" in a sermon copied thirty years before, and taken from the sermons of an American missionary. This phrase surely showed a revolutionary spirit! Other preachers were thrown into a loathsome Turkish prison, to be kept there for months without charge or trial, while their papers were ransacked. If the word "star" were found in one of these sermons, that was enough to convict its writer; for was not *Yildiz,* [Star] the name of the Sultan's palace? He must surely be plotting against his Majesty.

No Christian subject was allowed to flee the country, and no Christian, native or foreign, could travel in the empire without a permit.

Telephones were a "pet aversion" of the Sultan. The doctor put one up between his house and the hospital, for emergency calls. It was no sooner ready to use than the order came to take it down again. All appeals to higher authority were in vain, and the Moslem carpenter who had put up the poles and strung the wires had to undo his work, muttering curses the while on such a

government. Exorbitant taxes were exacted from the poor, and often a man's pots and kettles were seized and sold for taxes which he could not pay or perhaps had already paid.

Meanwhile, the Kurds and Arabs were encouraged to prey on and plunder their Armenian neighbors. The poor Christian Armenians looked to the Christian nations for help against their oppressors, but when they found that they looked in vain, some tried to help themselves. Just north of Marash, the city to which the doctor had taken so many emergency trips, in a deep mountain valley, lies the little village of Zeitoun. Rough and bold as the mountains which surround them, these Armenian villagers lived as an independent little state. Among them was a band of rebel outlaws. When the Sultan's oppression and the threats of their Moslem neighbors became unbearable, in October, 1895, this fearless band rose in rebellion, captured the garrison of five hundred Turkish soldiers that had been stationed there to keep them quiet, and attacked the surrounding Moslem villages.

This was just the kind of an excuse for which his Majesty had been waiting. In glaring headlines, the Turkish newspapers printed exagger-

ated tales of the terrible things these Christian outlaws were doing to their poor Moslem neighbors. And everywhere, all over the empire, the Moslems were roused against the Giaours, or unbelievers. Did not their sacred book tell them it was a merit to kill a Christian dog? And was not this the best chance in the world to take houses and lands and goods and money from these people who had grown so prosperous and were always getting ahead of them? The Turks and Kurds were only too eager to wreak vengeance all over the country for this lawless act of the Armenians in the little village of Zeitoun. And Abdul Hamid, in his palace, decided that no one would blame him for what a mob might do; so his secret emissaries went through the land, rousing the mob to do its work when the signal should be given.

It was Saturday morning, November 16, 1895. Dr. Shepard was seated at breakfast with his family in the little home on the college campus, half a mile from the city. Suddenly the maid burst into the room, "Oh, *Doctor Effendi,*" she cried, her voice hoarse with terror, "it is gone, the city is gone!" Springing from their seats, all rushed to the front door. The air was filled with a horrid

clamor,—the shrieks of women, the crack of guns, the shouts of men, the crash of breaking doors and windows, the shrill battle-cry of the Moslem women cheering their men on in the awful work of killing and plunder.

The doctor's horse stood saddled at the door. His first thought was for the hospital and the girls' boarding school, at the edge of the city, where the ladies were alone. Jumping into the saddle, he was off on a run. As he entered the city, he passed through a crowd of Kurds armed with guns, axes, clubs, and butcher knives, swarming out of their quarters to attack their Armenian neighbors. At the school, the American teacher had gathered the white-faced, terrified girls about her in prayer, while across the street, at the hospital, Dr. Hamilton and the American nurse, Miss Trowbridge, were quietly going about their work in the wards.

The mob had gathered in numbers and came surging up the street, vowing that they would hang the doctor on his own gate-post. As, with loud cries, they attacked the hospital gate, the doctor threw it open to meet the mob and reason with them. There, in the gateway, with his three hundred pounds of weight surrounded by a broad

girdle, stood the portly and valiant Hadji Husein, holding the mob at bay. Had not the doctor held death at bay for his brother some years before? "If any man passes through this gate," he shouted, "he passes over my dead body!" Just then a band of soldiers arrived and scattered the mob.

Later, leaving the touring missionary, Mr. Sanders, with the ladies at the school, the doctor returned to his family. Meanwhile, a cordon of soldiers had been placed between the city and the college. When, the next morning, he tried to go back to his hospital, the captain in command of the cordon would not let him pass, and when he insisted, put him in charge of a squadron of soldiers with fixed bayonets and sent him back home. That was one of the longest days the doctor ever spent. To know that many of his friends were lying wounded, others in terror and despair and mourning for their dead, and he not able to reach them! On Sunday morning, from the top of the college tower, the doctor could see, through his field-glasses, a gathering crowd of thousands of armed Kurdish and Turkish villagers. Just at noon, with blood-curdling yells, the mob broke through the cordon of soldiers and surged into

the Armenian quarter of the city below the hospital. In a few minutes appeared a Turkish officer on a white horse, who, with sword and pistol, drove the mob pell-mell out of the city and a long way into the fields.

Meanwhile, as they saw the renewed attack from a window, Dr. Hamilton and Miss Trowbridge went to the wards to be with their patients when the end should come. After a time there came a great knocking on the street gate. "It is the mob," they thought, and the patients began to tremble and scream. But when they looked out, there at the gate stood big, kindly Hadji Husein, the man who had saved them the day before. The tears were streaming down his fat face onto his broad girdle, and with him was a company of women and children, terribly hacked and hewed. He, with a few intrepid followers, had helped to chase the mob away, and had gathered up the victims left by the cruel onslaught. With wonderful heroism, Dr. Hamilton set to work on the poor, mangled creatures. Among them was an old man with the back of his head laid open by an ax, so that the skull gaped an inch or more, showing the throbbing brain. "Lay him down there," said Dr. Hamilton after a glance,

"his is a hopeless case." When the others were all gone, she examined him, and finding him still alive, drew the wound together with a bandage; then, putting on an antiseptic dressing, gave him a bed. The old man's wound healed rapidly, and he was the first of the unfortunate victims to leave the hospital.

Monday morning the doctor again mounted his horse and started for the city. Again he was stopped by an officer and told to go back home.

"I will not go back," replied the doctor. "I do not recognize your authority. I will go to your superior officer, if you choose to send me, but I will not go back."

The doctor's bold answer won out, and with three soldiers he was sent to the commanding officer from whom he received permission to care for the wounded and to bury the dead. By night fifty-four wounded persons were brought in and cared for, and soon after, beds had to be spread on the floor, while the basement of the hospital, and even the stable, were occupied by the unfortunate sufferers, until one hundred and fifty had been taken in.

Meanwhile, in the village of Zeitoun, the so-called "war" was still going on. Five hundred

half-clad, half-armed Armenian outlaws, in their snow-bound mountain fastness, were fighting back the thirty-four regiments of Turkish soldiers that besieged them. When their ammunition gave out, they made bullets of the enemy's shells, many of which had fallen without bursting. Then the European powers interfered and half a dozen consuls were sent to the little town to arrange a truce.

"Sick with typhus; come to me," came a telegram to Dr. Shepard from a former pupil in Marash who was one of the two doctors in that city.

"Cannot leave Aintab," wired back Dr. Shepard.

"Sick with typhus; come to me," read another telegram from the other doctor in Marash, who was also a former pupil.

And the doctor went.

Just as he was leaving home, a third telegram was handed to him from the British Consul in Zeitoun. "Epidemic of typhus, fifty deaths a day; can Dr. Shepard come at once?"

"En route to Marash," replied the doctor; "write me there."

When Dr. Shepard reached Zeitoun, he found 21,000 refugees crowded together in the little

town. After the long siege, when even the dead could not be carried out to be buried, the people were in a starving condition. With the crowding and filth, the "cooties" were hard at work, carrying typhus germs from one sick person to another. The people seemed to fear nothing so much as a breath of outside air; but, in spite of the fears of the patients and the protests of the old women, the doctor had them all carried out on the broad verandahs of the houses. It worked like a charm. In less than a week, instead of forty-five to fifty people dying in one day, only four or five died. The doctor then had a mountain stream turned into the streets at the upper end of the town, and with a gang of men with hoes and brooms, to help things along, the place got such a scrubbing as it never had experienced before.

One day, as Dr. Shepard was holding a clinic for the sick, he heard a great commotion at the gate. Stepping out to see what the matter was, he found a big burly outlaw pushing his way past the gate-keeper, whose duty it was to see that the patients entered in turn.

"What do you want, my brother?" asked the doctor.

"I want to see the doctor," blustered the man.

"But it is not your turn," replied the busy doctor. "We have to have system here. This is no way to do."

"Well, this is the way we do in Zeitoun," swaggered the man.

"Have it the Zeitoun way, if you must," replied the doctor; and seizing the big bully by the "scruff of the neck," he threw him out into the street.

As soon as a Red Cross relief expedition, which Dr. Shepard had called for, arrived in Zeitoun, he returned to Aintab. There, too, the suffering had been great. Fear still held the people in its clutch. Prominent Christians were imprisoned, shops could not be opened, and no work was to be had. It was then that the orphanage was started for fatherless waifs, and Mrs. Shepard increased her industries for the poor widows. Many a coin found its way from the doctor's own pocket—never too "well lined"—into the hand of some starving patient.

One day a woman brought her little baby for the doctor to examine. As he looked pitifully at its little pinched face, his hand went to his pocket. "It is milk the child needs, not medicine," he said; "buy it milk," and he handed the woman a coin. Stooping to kiss his feet, the woman hur-

ried away, calling down blessings on his head. In a few days she was back again.

"Well, what is it, my daughter?" asked the doctor, expecting another plea for help.

To his surprise, she held out the coin he had given her a few days before. "When I got home," she said, "I learned that my husband had found a job. He had earned a few *metaliks* [cents] and we bought the milk, so I brought this back; take it and give it to some one who needs it more than I."

Abdul Hamid on his throne might fan the hatreds of his subjects into flame, but in the hospital at Aintab the doctor and his associates still treated all alike, and the patients caught their spirit. The little Armenian girl, wounded by Moslem persecutors, was caring tenderly for the lonesome little Moslem child beside her. When the bandage was removed from the eyes of an old Turk, after a successful operation for cataract, a chorus of congratulations rang out from the Christian patients in the ward. In the city itself many Moslems protected their Armenian friends from death, so that the number of victims in Aintab was much smaller than in many other places.

What a glad day it was for the Armenians when,

SAD DAYS AT AINTAB. WAITING FOR SOUP, WITH PAILS AND BUCKETS, AT THE HOSPITAL SOUP-KITCHEN

in 1908, their persecutor, the wily old Abdul Hamid, was forced to accept the constitutional government which the "Young Turk" party declared. Processions marched through the streets carrying gay banners, flaunting bold words which no one dared to whisper before. "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality." In the province of Adana, however, where the Armenians had escaped the massacre of 1895 and had grown prosperous, the old Turks hated them more than ever, and only waited for a chance to plunder them of their riches.

"What! Equality with the Christian dogs? We will see about that, some fine day!" they thought. When the news came from Constantinople that Abdul Hamid had again seized the reins and was in full power, they made the best of their brief chance.

Some days before, many of Dr. Shepard's friends from Aintab, pastors, college professors, and teachers, had started for Adana to attend a conference of Christian workers. Rumors of trouble in that city began to float in, and then came a telegram from Adana: "Rogers and Maurer murdered, all other Americans safe."

These two young Americans had been shot by

Turks in Adana, while they were making a heroic fight against the fire which had been kindled by the mob near their school. Two days later, a muleteer who had gone with the delegates to the conference came back, bringing the news that they all had been murdered on the road. Refugees began to flock in, telling of terrible massacres in their mountain homes. Dr. Shepard was eager as ever to be on the front lines of service; but a massacre might occur at any moment in Aintab itself, and the people felt that the very presence of the doctor was a safeguard to them, for were not the Moslems of the city his personal friends? When news came, however, that the old Sultan had finally been deposed, he lost no time in mounting his horse and hurrying toward the burned villages. The next day found him a guest at the home of his friend Hadji Chaoush, in the village of Islahie. Many persons fleeing from other towns had found a refuge there, and there the mob had come to find and finish them. The white-turbaned Moslem judge had stood in the market-place and read the *fetvah* [the ecclesiastical order] for the killing of the Giaours; and he had prayed for the success of the arms of the faithful. Threatening the *Kaimakam* [governor of the

place] until he was cowed, the judge led the mob toward the buildings where the refugees were crowded. Then it was that old Hadji Chaoush, rifle in hand, stepped out and faced the mad throng. A torrent of scathing words poured from his lips.

"Who is there among you, a friend of mine and a friend of right, who will stand by me?" he shouted.

Out stepped his son, three or four trusty servants, and finally the trembling governor, and took their places at his side.

"You off-scourings who call yourselves Moslems, but who neither respect the law nor fear God," he cried, "do you clamor for blood? You shall have it! We will fire upon you as soon as we can load our guns!"

He threw a cartridge into his rifle, and knowing him of old, they scattered like a covey of partridges. Fifteen days later, he was still protecting eighty women and children in his home, and one of the girls there had been rescued from a Circassian by the son of Hadji Chaoush.

After spending the night with this valiant friend, the doctor set out for Baghje, the seat of government. Here there was no Hadji Chaoush to

stop the fiendish work of the wild mob, and the religious leader, or Mufti, who had treacherously promised the Christians protection, had pushed the horrible work to a finish. He had ordered two of the leading men, from whom he had received large bribes to protect them, taken out of the mosque where they had fled for refuge, and had them killed before him, in the public square, while he danced a wild dance of joy and thanked *Allah* that he had been permitted to see that day. Even the German engineers working on the railroad had heartlessly delivered up those who fled to them for protection. Now the few survivors were crowded into the mosque, which the wicked Mufti was planning to burn as soon as other victims should be brought in. In the Protestant church and schoolhouse were huddled the women and children from Hassan Beyli, a beautiful village of the Amanus Mountains, where the doctor had made many a visit and had many friends. For one whole day, the 2000 Armenians of this place had fought back the mob, but when night fell, and their houses were fired, they fled to the mountains. The women begged their men to flee for refuge to other cities, while they, with their children, were sent to Baghje. There they

had been crowded into the church so close that they could not lie down. They had almost nothing to eat. Their only drinking water was from the gutter in the street. They dared not step outside of the door, but on the fifteenth day, the widow of the pastor who had been killed in the raid on the village, mustered courage enough to go out and look down the street; and there, riding toward her on his horse, was the well-known figure of the beloved physician. "It was as if the Savior himself were coming to our rescue," she said, as she told of it afterward.

As always, the doctor's first care was for the sick and wounded; his second, to secure food and protection for these people. In a few days, the refugees from Hassan Beyli were sent back to their village, where every house had been burned, but where they could at least have pure air, fresh water, and fruit from their trees.

"It was a most pitiful sight," wrote the doctor, "a squadron of twenty-five soldiers in front, then the poor things, mostly barefooted and in rags, with little bundles of wheat or old clothes, old kerosene tins for cooking pots, and here and there one with a bit of board on which to roll out their 'thin bread.'

"You see the problem before me. Some 5000 people to be fed by the Turkish government, if possible; if not, by other means."

The people had neither money nor credit, tools nor implements; not even a cup or a spoon, not a cooking pot or a pan, not a bed or a blanket, not an extra undergarment. The first thing the doctor did to meet this problem was to send an appeal to the Christian people of Aintab, and nobly did they respond. "The first caravan of twenty-two loads from Aintab," wrote the doctor, "contained one bale of over a thousand wooden spoons, beds and bedding for the sick, some tools, and a blacksmith's outfit with which we could make more. These caravans of goods, contributed by the poor Armenians of Aintab, kept coming in every three to five days, until two hundred loads had reached us. We soon had two blacksmiths busy making sickles for the approaching harvest, carpenters making threshing machines, etc. We bought wool and cotton, and Mrs. Shepard soon had many of the women employed in washing, carding, and spinning; then looms were set up and cloth, blankets, and sacks began to add their comforts to the re-born civilization."

Meanwhile, because of Dr. Shepard's reports

and urgent appeals to the government, funds were appropriated for feeding these poor people and for rebuilding their burned houses.

Djemal Pasha, who figured so largely in the recent war as Governor of Syria and Minister of Marine, was appointed Governor General of Adana. On his arrival, he formed a Committee of Relief and Rebuilding, of which he appointed Dr. Shepard chairman. During the next ten months the doctor supervised the building of 900 houses and gave out $100,000 worth of relief funds. The money was often carried by him in his saddlebags, and riding back and forth over the rocky mountain paths, he covered 3000 miles on his good horse during those ten months. He usually carried a gun; but one day, as he was riding unarmed, he met two Turks on the road.

"Who is this Giaour," asked one of the other, "who dares to ride about these mountains without firearms?"

"God protect the man," replied the other, "who dares do aught to *that* Giaour!"

Meanwhile, Mrs. Shepard was called by the Commission in Adana to establish industries for the women there and in surrounding places, and she spent several months in association with

Djemal Pasha and his wife in carrying on this beneficent work.

For the special service rendered by the doctor in this reconstruction work, he was awarded a decoration by the Sultan. The following congratulatory letter is from Djemal Pasha.

ADANA, 1st February, 1911.

DR. F. D. SHEPARD,
Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

Dear Sir:—

Your most honored favor, dated October 29, 1910, on hand. It was a great pleasure to me to hear from one of our sincere friends. The Young Turks, who are struggling for the welfare of their beloved country, know well how to appreciate the services even of those generous persons though of foreign birth. The decoration bestowed upon you by our Ottoman government is nothing compared with your most admiring sympathy shown to the suffering humanity.

America is happy in having given birth to devoted sons like you, whose motto is to serve mankind. It was my humble duty to reach to the help of my wretched country; and I thank you for the sentiment which you will arouse toward the Ottoman Empire in America.

We are grateful to our most true and humanitarian friends, who sympathize with us at such

a critical time as this. I wish to see you decorated with higher honors than this, and will feel myself always happy to hear from you and of your good health.

Thanking you again for your prayers and favors, I remain, as ever,

Your sincere friend,
Governor General of Adana,
DJEMAL PASHA.

For the same service, the Red Cross conferred on Dr. Shepard its medal of merit with the following letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 23, 1909.

Dear Sir:—

At a meeting of the Board of Incorporators of the American National Red Cross, which was held in this city on December 7th, 1909, it was unanimously voted that, in recognition of your valuable services, voluntarily rendered, in relief of the suffering caused by the massacres in Eastern Turkey, during the early part of the current year, the Red Cross medal be awarded to you.

I have the pleasure of sending to you herewith, as a souvenir of the services rendered, the Red Cross medal of merit.

Yours very sincerely,
WILLIAM H. TAFT, President.

Dr. F. D. Shepard.

Though he was deeply touched by the appreciation which these honors betokened, Dr. Shepard could never be persuaded to wear the gilded crescent from the Sultan or the beautiful red cross,

"But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor."

VII

SUMMER OUTINGS AND HUNTING TRIPS

COLLEGE commencement was over. The sessions of the annual meeting of missionaries and Christian workers were closed. The last operation of the season at the hospital had been performed, the last clinic held, the last city visit made. It would take a volume to tell of the doctor's work during that week, and he was tired. Now the caravan stood waiting to start for the mountain camp. Two days of travel it would take, and then up the mountain to the spot which the whole family loved more than any other in the land.

The doctor was busy with the last preparations for the journey. The heavy pine chests of books, photographic supplies, and clothing were strapped on the stoutest mule. The big bales of bedding were slung on either side of the gentle old horse. A mattress was thrown on top, to make a soft, wide seat for the oldest daughter. The two

younger children, with great glee, climbed into the *maafas,* or canopied boxes, hung on either side the pack-saddle, across which they could play peek-a-boo, as they swung along the road. Tents, camp-beds, and the camp-kitchen outfit made up several more loads, with cook and horse-boy seated high on top. Finally, the doctor helped Mrs. Shepard into her saddle and swung into his. With a shouted good-by and the cling-clang of big bells, the long caravan was under way.

What a glorious trip that was for the children! There was the stop at noon, under the walnut tree beside the village spring, where a villager brought them sweet apricots to "top off" their lunch. To be sure, it was not very pleasant to have so many persons staring and asking stupid questions even while they ate. But their father seemed not to mind it at all and spent every minute, until they resumed the journey, in looking over the dirty, ragged people and telling them what they must do to get well. By night, they were so tired they could hardly wait until the camp-beds were unloaded and put up on the sward near the spring, to tumble in and drop off to sleep, while the little bells tinkled as the horses munched the barley in their nose-bags. What a

delightful, creepy, shivery feeling when they were wakened in the dim dawn, even before the red glow had crept into the sky, to have their hot bread and milk and climb into their swinging boxes again, to drowse off for another nap. What a thrill of excitement when they crossed a river! Their muleteer had to wade in deep, leading their pack-horse across the ford; and the mule with the heavy chests suddenly slipped and went down under water and had to be hauled out, with many shouts. Then, at the next noon stop, the whole load had to be unpacked and dried out and packed up again.

Best of all, was the stop in the village of Eybez. After crossing the great hot plain, up, up, up, they climbed, past the oleanders by a stream, into the little village that looked like a birds' nest, lying in a hollow of great mountains towering into the sky. How the little children in the streets scampered about, crying, "*Shippet* has come, *Shippet* has come!" Then, through the great gateway, they entered the courtyard belonging to the leading man of the village, their father's special friend. They did not mind the crowds this time, for they were all old friends, and from the *Agha* [head man] himself down to the tiniest nephew

in the tribe, they were all running about, trying to make the travelers comfortable. How good the cool water felt as it was poured on their hot hands and feet! An array of good things to eat was set out on the tray for supper, and then the children crawled into beds, spread out in a row on the flat roof under winking stars, while the barking of village dogs, the bleating of lambs, the crowing of roosters, and the crying of babies on the roofs across the way grew fainter and fainter, until the sounds were lost in sleep.

Up the steep mountain trail they climbed the next morning, up and up the pine-covered slopes until they reached the pass and could look off on the other side. There, from between two great peaks, they could see the Gulf of Alexandretta, sparkling like a great silver tray, in the morning sun.

On they wound, across ridge after ridge of the steep mountain, through the green forest of young beech and oak and pine, until they reached the camping spot, 5000 feet above sea-level. No sooner were the children off their animals than they started a race for the spring, hidden by fern and smilax, in the valley hard by.

Meanwhile, the grown-ups were all busy setting

up the camp; tents for sleeping, a shelter of boughs for the kitchen, two walls of poles and boughs for the dining-room, with a canvas top and a curtain on the windward side, a little booth of poles and branches for the cook, and another for the horse-boy. In short order the camp was settled for the summer.

A number of American and Armenian friends usually joined the doctor's family in their mountain camp. Never could they forget the evenings spent about the huge bonfire built against the old pine stump. While the flames crackled among the great logs piled together, song and story passed about the merry group, and right royally did the doctor do his share in entertaining the company.

One evening, when there was a special celebration, stunts were proposed, and the doctor was asked to make a stump speech. When he refused, saying that speaking was not in his line, two of the young huskies decided they would set him on the stump, whether or no. But they had not counted on the doctor's tremendous strength. The struggle which followed proved him to be more than a match for them both.

Sunday morning the family would start out for some favorite spot which commanded a magnifi-

cent view. Here they would settle themselves, with books and lunch, for the long, delightful day of rest and comradeship. First came the little service, led by the doctor, and then the Sunday reading, while the children whittled or made little camps on the ground.

"All about us," wrote the doctor, "is the eternal Sabbath of the hills. I get nowhere else the overwhelming sense of God's presence, the ineffable peace that comes to me in the mountains." Those who knew him best felt that he had drawn into his life something of the strength and beauty of the mountains he so loved.

Often, on a week day, the whole day was spent in a picnic beside a lovely mountain stream or near the bold top of the mountain, to enjoy the distant view. Below a dashing waterfall, in one of the mountain streams, there was often a deep swimming-pool; and, before lunch, those who were not afraid of the icy cold water went in for a dip, while the potatoes were baking in the hot ashes of the fire the doctor had built. To go with the potatoes and butter, there were squares of venison or wild boar, shot by the doctor and cooked by him to a turn, on sharp green twigs, over the fire. One day, when the doctor felt in his pocket for

DR. SHEPARD CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN IN ASIATIC TURKEY

matches to light the fire, he found, to his disgust, that the matches had been left behind. No one else in the party could produce one, and it began to look as if there would be no lunch that day but bread and nuts and raisins. The doctor, however, was equal to the emergency. He built a little pile of brushwood, then aimed his shotgun and pulled the trigger. There was a loud report, and immediately the little pile was ablaze. After lunch the party stretched themselves out on the ground, in the shade of the thick oak forest, while the doctor read a chapter from Dickens or Stevenson or George Macdonald, and Mrs. Shepard arranged rare ferns and flowers between drying papers, to press them for her botany class.

How the children loved to hear their father read, with the rising and falling inflections that made it all so real, and the little catch that came in his voice when he read some touching passage that made a lump rise in their own throats.

On a cold evening, when it was raining too hard for a bonfire, they would crawl under the warm blankets of the cot-beds in the tent and listen to "Little Dorrit" or "Sir Gibbie," while the pattering rain made music on the tent roof above.

Often, in the early gray of the dawn, before the

children were awake, when the twigs and leaves were still wet with the night mist, the doctor slipped on his old green hunting-suit and cap and high moccasins and glided out into the silent woods to stalk a deer he had spied in the woods the day before. Several times a season he would come struggling back to camp with a big deer slung over his shoulders. After dinner came the story of the hunt, which was enjoyed quite as much as the broiled venison.

Often, on a still, moonlight night, the doctor would lie for hours beside a pig-wallow, waiting for Mr. Pig to arrive. The wild boar hunted in droves over the mountain, rooting up the leaf-mold with their snouts, searching for bulbs or for acorns. They were great travelers and would run all the way down the mountain or across the plains to the rice-fields to feed and then back to their mountain brush again, all in a night. Some particular boar would choose a mud-hole in which to wallow and then scratch his back against a near-by tree. Lying silent beside the wallow, the doctor occasionally shot a boar when it appeared to take its mud bath. A keen sense of smell helped the doctor in these still hunts. One moonlight night, catching the scent of wild boar, he

followed it up the wind for half an hour without hearing or seeing anything. Then he suddenly came out on the edge of a clearing covered with bracken fern growing hip-high. Charging across the open space was his wild boar.

"He has got wind of me," thought the doctor, "and I shall lose him." But the pig had only caught the scent of the wild apples under a tree at the edge of the clearing.

As the boar stopped to munch the juicy fruit, the doctor could just catch sight of his back above the bracken in the moonlight. He leveled his gun and fired. Then he stopped to listen. The boar had disappeared and not a sound was to be heard. Walking cautiously to the place, he found that the pig had dropped on the spot where he was feeding when the bullet struck him. It was a little yearling, and it made the finest eating in the world.

Several times while hunting in the woods the doctor ran across a bear. Once, as he was following a trail near a little spring on the edge of the timber-line, he saw two bear cubs feeding on blackberries and sat down to watch them. Soon the mother bear appeared. Some noise in the opposite direction had disturbed her, and she

started to "shoo" the cubs before her toward the doctor, then stood straight up on her hind legs to listen, then drove them ahead again. A bear with her cubs is not a pleasant creature to meet, and when this particular bear came within thirty yards and again stood up straight, the doctor took careful aim at her heart and fired.

The bullet reached its mark. With one leap into the air, she fell dead, while the cubs scampered off into the woods. It took a good two hours to strip off her beautiful skin. He brought it in to camp and spread it out on the ground to dry. Waking from his nap, the doctor's little three-year-old boy Lorrin rubbed his eyes in wonder at the great skin, and then said, in Turkish, "The bear too, it seems, wears moccasins."

When Lorrin was twelve years old, Dr. Shepard gave him a small shotgun, and from that time the boy became his father's companion on these hunting-trips. Several rules went with the present of the gun. "Never point at any one, even when the gun is not loaded; never shoot at anything before you are sure what it is; never turn the point toward yourself;" these were the rules laid down.

One of the first trips Lorrin took with his father

was among the great cliffs on the landward side of the mountain where the ibex roamed. The cliffs consisted of a series of tilted strata of granite, the broken ends of which formed a series of huge steps down to the plain below. The ledges across the face of the main cliffs formed the runways of the ibex, or wild mountain goats. Several times the doctor had shot a doe or a young ibex, having to climb back to camp up the 2000 or 3000 feet of cliff, with the animal on his shoulders; but he had never succeeded in getting a buck. On this day, he set Lorrin, with his new gun, at one of the runways, while he went down among the cliffs to scare up the game. The boy waited. No ibex came his way; but, to his horror, he saw, leisurely ambling toward him, a huge brown bear. He had heard enough of his father's adventures to know how dangerous it was to wound a bear without killing him; so he gave a terrified shout for his father, and then, with a sure instinct, shot his gun into the air. Startled by the shot, the bear quickened his pace and disappeared around the ridge.

Another bear which the doctor shot had just killed a wild boar, and, after eating a part of it for his breakfast, had hidden it away. The

doctor caught the scent and, finding the freshly-killed boar, dressed it and hung it in a tree, covering it with leaves to protect it from flies, while he returned to camp to get a donkey to carry the game home. Thus bruin unwittingly furnished the campers with wild boar for many a day thereafter.

Though the doctor often went on these still hunts alone, at other times he organized a hunting party with some of the villagers. Jutting from the side of the mountain was a huge, purple rock, forming a cavelike shelter beneath. Gathered under this rock at night, the hunters would sit about the camp-fire and tell stirring tales of their adventures. The famous hunter Bedros [Peter] told how, up on the bald top of the mountain, purely by accident, he had killed two wild boars with one shot. Then Artin followed, with the story of the three leopards he had shot at different times, and showed the scars where one of them had chewed his arm and shoulder. Before they wrapped themselves in their great coats, to lie down for the night beside the fire, the doctor spoke with them about his great Friend and Master; and though there were both Christian and Moslem among them, he somehow made

them feel that one God was their Father and that they all were brethren.

Once a week, Dr. Shepard mounted his horse in the early morning and went down to the village at the foot of the mountain, to hold a clinic. From far and near the patients thronged in, and often he would see more than a hundred in a day. He made it a rule never to see any one in his camp, for if one were treated there, others would hear of it and come, and there would be no more rest for the doctor, weary with his year's work. So he kept no instruments or supplies in camp, except those for "first aid." One day, however, a poor villager came with a terrible toothache and begged the doctor to take out the tooth. "I have no forceps, Uncle," said Dr. Shepard. But the man still begged. Suddenly a bright idea struck the doctor. There was a wire-cutter at hand. It might do the business. It did; and the man went off, praising Allah.

The summer's outing was not enough to keep Dr. Shepard in good trim for his taxing work through all the year. After a hard week of work, in clinic and operating room, he would need to get out into the open. He kept a pair of fine hunting-dogs, and often, on a Saturday afternoon,

he would gallop off, with the dogs at his heels, to a lava-bed some distance away, to hunt for game-birds and hare. Here is his description of one such trip, written in a letter to his son:

Your mother and Florence are busy with preparations for Thanksgiving, it being our turn to furnish the entertainment for the Station this year. That I might have a little share in it, I took my gun and dog and started out to get some partridges, on Saturday. I told your mother as I started out that I was going to bring home a dozen partridges and two hares. There are but two small coveys of partridges in all the *Karatash,* but I had discovered some good cover, with three or four large coveys, two hours to the east of us. There are some extensive cliffs, a lava-flow, vineyards and fig-orchards around; good feeding-ground and good cover, albeit a little too far away. It was a beautiful clear day, and as I cantered over the hills, old *Noor Hakk,* [Light of Truth] with his new winter suit of white on, looked as if one could reach him in a two or three hours' ride, although nearly a hundred miles away as the crow flies. A fine breeze blew straight from his snow-capped peaks, and made my old Circassian coat very welcome, but by the time I had put up the first covey of partridges, Uncle Sol had warmed things up so that I was glad enough to discard said coat. Leetie found the partridges

in a fig-orchard, and they flew into the near-by lava-flow, where she was soon nosing them out in fine style. I missed more shots than I sometimes do, but still did fairly well, and at noon had eight partridges and a hare in the saddlebags. The hare got up under our feet, with Leetie so close behind him that I had to give him about 50 yards leeway before I dared to shoot, for fear of hitting the dog. Then a charge of No. 5 shot keeled him over very neatly. We ate lunch in the lea of an old cistern, which furnished us shelter and drink. *Yaghlu Kiahke* with raisins, walnuts, and cheese tasted very good, after my four hours' of brisk work, but seemed to have a deleterious effect upon my shooting, for from 1:30 to 4:30, although Leetie put up plenty of birds, I got only two more, and went home one hare and two partridges short of my morning's boast.

Fritz and Leetie, the two pointers, were trained as puppies by the doctor himself. This is how Fritz got punished one day for his disobedience, as his master told the tale:

On a trip with your mother, the other day, we ran across a little kid that had been left behind by the flock. Fritz took after it and, despite my shouted commands, pulled it down and proceeded to throttle it. He was about a hundred yards away, down a steep slope. I fired a charge

of B. B. shot at him, and he left the kid and came to me in trepidation, bleeding freely from a shot-hole in the muscles of his back. Another shot had struck him in the ham, but did not bleed much. I scolded and beat him a bit, and he crawled into a bush and lay there, while we went on. When we got home he was at camp and very shame-faced indeed. I ridiculed him a bit, and he slunk off to his bed and refused to eat any supper. The next morning he came around and begged to be forgiven, as plainly as a dog could, and, after being assured of my good-will, he became as cheerful as ever.

In midwinter, when he was worn with his fall work, and when the surgical cases at the hospital were fewer than at other seasons, with a friend or two, Dr. Shepard would take a two weeks' trip to some lakes at the foot of the Taurus Mountains. Here there were thirty kinds of ducks and geese and other game-fowl. Reeds and rushes grew thickly in the lake, and just in the center was a strange village built of reeds upon a floating island. A mud fireplace in the center furnished the only heat for these reed huts, and the smoke had to escape through the thatched roof. The villagers said they were the remnants of some ancient peoples who had been driven from their

mountain homes by enemies and had taken refuge on this island. They were vassals of a feudal lord, or *Agha,* in the city of Marash. Half of all the fish and fowl which they caught had to be sent to him, while the poor villagers had nothing to live on but the half left to them.

Pitching his tent on the frozen banks of this lake, and hiring a pine dug-out from the natives, the doctor spent his days in hunting the water-fowl. Morning and evening came the flight called *far-far,* from the sound made by thousands of birds on the wing. It was then that the hunter, hidden in his boat among the reeds, got in his best work. After a two days' stay, the doctor was able to send back thirty brace of birds, to be distributed among his friends in Aintab.

Adventures of various kinds befell the campers by the lake. The following is the story of one such adventure, as told by the doctor himself:

One stormy day my boatman and I heard cries of distress and hastened toward them. They seemed very near, but were coming directly down the wind, and in reality came from fully two miles away. When we finally got out of the marsh, to the edge of the lake, we could make out two black dots a half mile away that we knew must be

the heads of the poor fellows in the lake. They were two Kurds who had tried to cross the lake in a water-logged old dugout, with a load of wood, while there was quite a little sea running. Their craft had filled from the lapping waves and had gone down under them. They were clinging to some slender reeds, giving just enough support to keep their mouths above water. Making them cling one to each side of the canoe, we towed them to a near-by floating island. One of them was able to climb out, but the other had not strength enough. We helped them into our canoe (which was meant to carry only two), and making them sit back to back in the middle, I covered them from the cold wind with my raincoat, and we paddled off as fast as possible for the houses of the lake-dwellers on the island in the middle of the lake, and soon had them before a hot fire and got some hot soup down them. None too soon, either, as the weaker one was pulseless when we got there.

After the day's shooting was over, one and another of these crude village folk would drop in to share the doctor's brazier of charcoal with him in his tent. Then the Servant of the King would draw his Turkish Testament from his pocket and read them stories of his Master and tell them of the wondrous life lived by the shores

of that other lake, among the humble fisher-folk.

But even in this wild spot, the doctor could not get away from the throngs who besieged him. All day Sunday, and indeed nearly every day, crowds of patients from surrounding villages came to the tent by the lake. Sometimes when the doctor was out until dark, hunting, the waiting patients built great bonfires and stayed all night, even though the ice froze an inch thick on the lake.

A missionary friend, who was visiting the doctor in his tent, tells of the following conversation which he overheard among the Kurdish patients gathered about them.

"Why did the doctor come to Turkey?" asked one. "Aren't there any sick people in America?"

No one answered for a moment when one of the older men heaved a sigh and said, "Praise be to God, no one is ever sick in America."

"Do you think that America has so much better climate and water than you have here in Turkey, that no one ever gets sick there?" asked the missionary friend, knowing how proud the people were of their country.

This set the group of patients to guessing again.

"Don't you see how rich these Americans are?"

said one. "They don't come here because they can't find anything to do in America. They come here because they can get bigger salaries. Just look at the doctor's fine horses and saddles. Go to Aintab and see the American houses. God have mercy on them, they even sleep in separate rooms and change their underclothes every few days."

"*Mashallah,*" [praise to God] added an old graybeard, nodding his head slowly, "have you seen how clean and well dressed their children are?"

But the *Mullah* [religious leader] of the group began to scold them for this idea. Besides, he had an idea of his own to advance.

"You don't understand religion," he said. "Of course the Americans are richer than we are. They work harder than we do. If Dr. Shepard stayed in America and worked as hard as he does here, he could get ten times as much money. No, it isn't the money he wants; he's trying to save his soul."

"Oh, I see," came a voice from the doorway, "we are doing him a great favor in allowing him to treat us. But how about those other Americans —those who conduct schools. How can they expect to save their souls?"

"Well," said the *Mullah,* "God is gracious and all-wise; perhaps he will forgive them."

At that moment the young man whose wound the doctor had just examined broke in rather impetuously,

"You fellows don't know what you are talking about. None of you have had the experience I have had."

Then he went on to tell how his wife had been treated for three weeks at the hospital and the things he had heard there; and of the *Injeel* [Gospel] that had been given him. "I couldn't read it," he said, "but I found a lame boy who could. We spent hours together with that *Injeel.* If you want to know the real reason why Dr. Shepard and these other Americans came to Turkey, you just read that book!"

I. DR. SHEPARD WRITING A PRESCRIPTION FOR KURDISH PATIENTS

II. A KURDISH FAMILY AND THEIR HOME

VIII

A FRIEND TO ALL

THUS it was that Shepard of Aintab came to be known and loved in the most obscure villages of the land. Any one who wore a hat and traveled through the mountain villages was called *Shippet.* As two of the ladies were traveling from the coast to Aintab, a suspicious police officer stopped them in a certain village and took them to the chief.

"Where are you going?" asked the man.

"To Aintab," was the response.

"Oh," he beamed, "then you are *Shippets!*" and turning angrily to the police officer he stormed, "You fool, don't you know enough not to molest the *Shippet Khanums* on their way!"

The following tale of the power of Dr. Shepard's name is told by one of the graduates of the college in Aintab:

Mr. Stephen Trowbridge and I wanted to visit Hassan Beyli and other Armenian villages in

Giaour Daghia and, as neither of us knew the roads, we went to Dr. Shepard for instructions. He drew up for us a free-hand map of the roads, and equipping us with his guns, warned us to look out for Turkish highwaymen.

The journey was two days on horseback, and at the end of the first day we found that we had lost our way in the thick forest on a steep mountainside. The sun was going down fast, and there was no sign of life around. We dismounted and walked, our horses following closely, when, about two hundred yards ahead, I noticed a highwayman waiting for us, partly concealed in the thick bushes. We were glad to see a human being, even though he were a bandit, and, at the point of a gun, we forced him to lead us to the nearest village.

He led us to a Turkish village, and we spent the night at the house of the *Agha* [chief]. In the morning, after tipping the *Agha* well, we asked him to give us a guide to Hassan Beyli. He was only too glad to give us, for a guide, a famous highwayman who had been terrorizing that section of the country for thirty years.

After an hour or so, we found ourselves in a very thick forest, and I noticed that the man was preparing for a charge. I tried to be more friendly with him, and he thought he could win me to his side. He told me that he was plotting on Mr. Trowbridge's life. Seeing that it was useless to try on that line, I changed the topic of con-

versation and asked him if he knew Dr. Shepard.

He said that he knew Dr. Shepard very well and admired him very much, as he came to that part of the country every year to hunt wild pigs, and that he was the most daring man he ever knew. Then I said that Mr. Trowbridge was Dr. Shepard's most intimate friend and that the gun on his shoulder was Dr. Shepard's gun. That fact changed matters considerably in the robber's mind, and when, in a short time, we were out of the woods and on the right road again, this man would run ahead of us into the village we were approaching and announce that Dr. Shepard's friend was coming, and we would find mothers with their sick children waiting for us.

We reached Hassan Beyli safely, thanks to the doctor's gun!

It was not only the doctor's skill as a physician which won him so many friends, but his own genial personality. He never made any one feel that he considered himself in any way above them, and he entered as simply and heartily into the life of the crude villager as of the cultured college professor. He was equally friendly and at ease in the official's fine mansion and in the peasant's goat's-hair tent.

Mahmoud Agha was the chief of his tribe—

rough, hospitable, and simple-hearted. Many lands he had, but with little knowledge or energy to cultivate them, quite content with his great flocks of sheep and the horses he loved to raise. Four stalwart sons he had, and many serving men, besides daughters—whom no one ever counts! On every trip back and forth from Marash, the doctor always spent at least an hour or two with his friend, and sometimes, with Mrs. Shepard or his son Lorrin, he spent a night in their hospitable home,—a black goats'-hair tent in summer, a rude mud-hut in winter. The best in the Agha's little village was theirs, and he, with all his household, served them like royal guests. When the Agha came to Aintab, he would stop at the doctor's house, and the crude peasant, who ate with his fingers out of the one dish in his black, goat's-hair tent, sat up at the table in western style, a commanding and striking figure in his long, blue, broadcloth coat, and ate with a knife and fork. One day he suddenly expressed himself in the following words:

"I'm very glad the *Khanum* scolded me on my last visit here. She told me I was lazy and not working my farm as it should be, and asked why I didn't get seed from America, and till the

ground, and get a harvest that was worth while. I got to thinking about it, and I decided she was right—and I determined to get to work. *Mashallah,* this year my crops were wonderful!"

Later, the doctor wrote of a visit to his old friend's home and he was convinced that the "bracing up" was permanent, for there were many indications of added prosperity.

"As I approached the river *Erkenek Chai,*" Dr. Shepard wrote, "a horseman rose out of the sunken river-bed and proved to be my Kurdish friend Mahmoud Agha. He had heard of my passing to Marash and had started out to find me. So I had the pleasure of his company back to his tents, pitched just to the west of his village. Mahmoud is becoming quite a farmer. With four yoke of big, strong oxen and four plows, his sons and a hired man were breaking up the old sod of the centuries. He raised wheat enough this year to pay off all his debts. His eldest son, Ali Riza, is married and has a very pretty little girl of two years' or so. Hassan is to marry this fall. Mahmoud is building a home for him. After a hearty meal of thin bread, rice *pilav,* fried eggs, *yoghourt* and grapes, I rode along. Ali Riza mounted the long-legged white mare, a foal from

my old Prince, and guided me through the swamp to the foot of the mountain."

When the doctor was on his furlough in America, in 1911, Mahmoud Agha heard that he had been killed in a railroad accident. In great distress, he went to Mr. Goodsell, one of the missionaries in Marash, and asked if this was true. How his face beamed when he was assured that it was a false report.

"Dr. Shepard is our dearest friend and greatest benefactor," he said. "Write and tell him we are anxious for him to come back. May *Allah* give long life to him and to all Americans." Here is the letter to the doctor which he dictated to Mr. Goodsell:

In the winter we heard, much to our sorrow, that something serious had befallen you, even that you had died, and we were very much troubled. The winter was so severe that we could not get to Aintab to find out whether this really were true, but finally we learned that you were in good health again. I felt sure that God would reveal to me directly any such terrible thing, and, since I had had no such revelation, I could not believe it.

I send you many greetings. I and my household, Hassan, Ali Riza, Kiamil, Bektash, Kuldeoken, and all the children whom you know well.

I send my greetings also to your daughters and son and to Mrs. Shepard. We shall all be very glad to see you when you return.

Hassan, Ali Riza, Kiamil and Bektash were his sons. *Kuldeoken* (which means ash dumper, the common term for a Moslem woman) was his wife, and "all the children" were daughters.

Quite a contrast to this rough, simple-hearted Kurd was the doctor's Turkish friend who was lord of a village in the Euphrates Valley, near the ruins of the ancient city of Carchemish. Up-to-date in every way, this progressive Turk would appear, now and then, at the hospital in his natty white flannel outing-suit, to introduce some patient from his village, always showing courtesy and respect to the hospital nurses. In the winter of 1913, Mrs. Shepard was called to Oorfa to reorganize industries for the women there. On her return in the spring, the doctor met her at Carchemish. After visiting the ruins, where the English were making excavations, they spent a few days at the Turkish friend's manor. He met them at the station (on the Bagdad railroad) with an up-to-date little phaeton. His fine house was surrounded by a great garden containing fruit trees, vegetables, and flowers. A conservatory,

with a pond and goldfish and a flock of doves, added a modern touch.

One of his two wives had set the table for dinner in Western style and then called Mrs. Shepard aside to ask if it were set quite right. During their stay, the older wife went into the kitchen to direct the servants, and Mrs. Shepard taught her how to make doughnuts, pancakes, and brown bread; while she, in turn, had a lesson in the finest Turkish cooking. Meanwhile, the doctor and the Agha went off with their dogs to hunt partridges in the hills. Many of the vassals in the village of this lord had never before even seen a foreigner. But the Agha was trying to educate these ignorant peasants and had secured a *Hodja* [teacher] from Aleppo and started a village school. When his guests were ready to leave for Aintab, he loaned the *Khanum* his pacing mare, with her easy gait, in order to make the journey more comfortable.

Dr. and Mrs. Shepard were keenly interested in the life of the people in every detail. They were always encouraging them to make the best use of the resources of their country. Finding traces of a coal deposit in one of the mountains in the Kurd Range, the doctor pointed it out to

a villager and asked him why, when heat was so often needed, they did not mine it.

"If Allah had meant us to use it," replied the man with a shrug, "he would have put it on the surface, so we could get it easily."

A good example of the way in which the doctor and his wife were able to help a whole community in their upward struggle was the little village of Eybez, at the foot of the *Giaour Dagh* [Mountain of the Infidels] where they had their mountain camp. Here Dr. Shepard was indeed a friend to all. Not only did he help the people as a doctor, in the weekly clinics he held there through the summer, but he took a lively interest in their farming, in their business, in their schools and churches, in the friendly relations between Moslem and Christian, and in their dealings with the government. In the next valley beyond the village stood a French Trappist monastery. Here, too, Dr. Shepard made many warm friends, and it was through them that he got the lumber for his new hospital-building. After an absence of some time from this village, which the doctor had in a sense adopted as his own, he made a little visit there and wrote back to his wife of its material and educational progress:

I found the Eybez friends all well and delighted to see me. I was the guest of *Havounj Oghloo* [Son of the Carrot] tribe, as usual. Eybez has grown a good bit since you saw it last, with perhaps fifty shops in its little market. The former good feeling existing between the Moslem and Christian part of the population continues. The Protestant community has built a neat and commodious parsonage and enclosed the premises in a good stone wall. They have three teachers in their school and have purchased a plot of land for their new school-building. They have two evangelists in the field and three boys in college at Aintab, this year, and are progressing finely in all ways.

During his thirty-three years of service in the Turkish Empire, Dr. Shepard had much to do with Turkish officials. He was a keen judge of men, and, while he always saw the best in a man, he was never hoodwinked by the smooth talk of officials. Not only as a physician did he come in touch with them, but in many other ways, as in obtaining government permits for travel, for building, for sanitary measures in the city, or for distribution of relief. Often he would go to some man in power whom he had won to a personal friendship and use his influence to secure

the release from prison of some Christian friend or servant unjustly arrested. Several times he secured the punishment of some notorious evil-doer, and once or twice, when a massacre of Christians threatened the city, an appeal from the doctor to the governor of the province saved the day.

From his busy life Dr. Shepard snatched time to cultivate these friendships. On *Bairam,* the great Moslem feast day, when the cannon was fired, announcing that the *Namaz,* or morning prayers, were over and that the governor was ready to receive, the doctor would start out on his round of calls on the city officials.

At the time of the "Bloodless Revolution," in 1908, when representatives of the Young Turk party were "stumping the country" for their cause, they were given a dinner in Aintab. The doctor thus described the occasion:

Last Tuesday evening, I was one of one hundred and sixty people, three quarters of them Moslems and one-fourth Christians, to sit together at a banquet given by the mayor of the city to a member of the Committee of Union and Progress, as the Executive Committee of the Young Turk party is called. The governor, the mili-

tary commander, the beys, and all the most prominent men of the city were present. After dinner there were speeches by the guest of the evening, by Profssor Bezjian, Dr. Shepard, Michael Antaki, the Armenian Catholic Vartabed, and by a Young Turk of the city. The utmost freedom of speech was used, and the spirit of tolerance, yes, even of brotherhood, prevailed.

It was the doctor's constant endeavor to get representatives of the different nationalities and communities to cooperate in some enterprise for relief or civic betterment. The Christians were ready to do their part, but it was difficult to induce the Moslems to take an active interest. Several times, however, they gave substantial donations for the work of the hospital. Once a Swiss philanthropist sent a special fund for the relief of poor Moslems. The Turks were so touched by this gift from a foreigner that they made a large addition to the fund. The Christians, too, had raised a fund for similar purposes, and a cooperative committee was formed of both creeds, to distribute to the poor of all alike.

So it was that, as the doctor gained many friends among the Moslems, more and more, as the years went on, he tried to win them, by word and

deed, to a knowledge of the Master he served. He himself took every chance that offered,—in the hospital ward, in a social call, or even about the campfire,—to tell of the Great Physician. But, more than this, he brought his Christian friends to realize that they too must do the same. Traveling one day through the Kurdish Mountains with an Armenian friend, he rode by a beautiful little Turkish village, with its green gardens set like an emerald in the hollow of a hill.

"Isn't it a shame," said the young man, "that God should have given over this beautiful country to these Moslem dogs!"

"Don't you think," replied the doctor gently, "that when God has been so good to them, we should show them a little more consideration?"

The doctor's great longing was that he might have a young associate from America to help in the hospital work, so that he might be free to go out among his thousands of Moslem friends in the villages of the region and set before them, by life and word, the good news of Jesus. Miss Trowbridge, who, as nurse in the hospital for many years, had gained the good will of hundreds of patients from surrounding places, gave much time in later years to visiting them in their village

homes. Sometimes Dr. Hamilton accompanied her and always they were received with open hearts. In 1914 Dr. Shepard planned with the Protestant churches of the city to start a reading-room and social center for Moslem young men, but the outbreak of the war put an end to this project.

It took all the doctor's tact and faith and courage to carry on this work, for it meant death for a Moslem to become a Christian. There were, nevertheless, two men in the city who longed to know the truth, and came to the doctor and his missionary friends. Then others felt the same desire and, night after night, a meeting was held to read the *Injeel* [gospel] in the house of some member of these seekers after truth. Often on a Sunday afternoon (the only time the doctor was at home) they would call to talk about the subject they had grown to love best. The following story is told by one of Dr. Shepard's Armenian friends.

Once, when a Moslem *Hodja* [teacher] was talking to a large audience about Christianity, and criticizing unjustly both the religion and its believers, a Moslem Kurd, coming forward from the audience, told the *Hodja* that he did not agree with him on the subject. The *Hodja* became furi-

ously angry and said to the Kurd, "Who are you, anyway? What is your religion?"

After a few minutes' meditation, the Kurd asked him if he knew Dr. Shepard of the Aintab City Hospital, and the *Hodja* answered, "Yes, I know him very well. What about it?"

The Kurd replied, "Whatever it is, Dr. Shepard's religion is my religion."

IX

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

"I THINK I can honestly say, with old Dr. Post of Beirut, that the two things that I love best in this life are a surgical operation and a prayer-meeting."

Thus wrote Dr. Shepard in a letter to a friend. The doctor was not only a great physician, he was more—he was a missionary in the true sense of the word. There was no part of the work, whether of education in the college, of preaching in the churches, of social uplift in the Young Men's Christian Association, or of relief in the orphanage, in which the doctor did not have an active share.

The first summons to the young recruit had come as a call to a professorship in the medical department of the college. Although that enterprise had to be given up, still the relation was never severed. The doctor took as active an interest in the growth of the college as in that of

the hospital. He was always a member of its Board of Managers. When the college ran into debt, it was the doctor's hard-won earnings which helped to pay off that debt. When the college was without a president, it was the doctor who stepped in and filled the gap. When the college needed a new library-building, it was the doctor's sister-in-law, Miss Andrews, who furnished the funds, and it was the doctor who helped to plan the building. When the college needed a new water supply, the doctor worked with Mr. Sanders, the touring missionary, to dig an artesian well. This was just before the massacres of 1895, when all kinds of suspicions and rumors were abroad.

"What were those Americans digging a deep hole for? Surely they were planning to dig it through to America and then march troops in to help the Armenians!"

No one could beat the *Aintabli* [resident of Aintab] when it came to making up such stories. The people themselves said that Aintab was famous for its grape-sweets and its lies. A native tradition accounts for this extra share of lies. The devil, it is declared, was wandering over the face of the earth with his big bag of

lies upon his back, distributing them as evenly as he could. Presently, he stubbed his toe and fell down, spilling the bagful out upon the ground. In great haste he scrambled the lies into the bag again, but many escaped him. The spot he tumbled on was the city of Aintab! It might be added, from the Occidental point of view, that a goodly share was still left in the bag for other parts of the Turkish Empire.

The artesian well had to be dug by horse-power. After the drills were down several hundred feet, they stuck in the limestone. Horse-power was not enough to pull them out again, and to this day the well still awaits a steam-engine for its completion.

The doctor showed a lively interest in college athletics, sometimes taking a hand in basket-ball, tennis, or other sports. Though he learned to play tennis after he was forty years old, he kept many a spry young fellow hustling to hold his own; the length of his arms and his agility made up for what he lacked in height, and the boys would gather about the court to watch the springs and back-somersaults which sometimes helped to win a lively game.

Often the doctor was called upon to give the

scientific lecture on some program, to lead a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, or to give a toast at some college celebration; for the boys enjoyed his wit and humor as much as did his American friends.

Just as, with his devotion to his profession, the doctor was constantly and steadily growing with its growth, so, with his devotion to his Master, the missionary was growing in his own spiritual life and in his power to reach others. More and more, as the years went by, was he drawn into distinctly missionary activities. As truly as the students enjoyed his wit, humor, and genial fellowship, just so truly did they appreciate the religious talks he gave them, for they were rich in inspiration and suggestion.

The following is his own outline of one such talk, called "First Things First." It is taken from the texts, Matthew VI. 25-33 and Romans XIV, 17-18.

Dr. Shepard began with the illustration of a poor lunatic whom the students had all seen wandering about the streets of Aintab, playing with bits of wood held in his fingers. With his whole attention constantly focused on these chips, this

man was to all an object of pity and contempt. Then the doctor went on to say,

"I imagine God looks with something of the same pity and contempt upon that man who is so engrossed in the pursuit of wealth, or honor, or pleasure, that he has forgotten God.

"Mark Hopkins' definition of religion is, 'A mode of life based upon man's relation to God.' Not a mode of belief, or of thought, or of worship, but a mode of life. Is your mode of life based on your relation to God? What is your relation to God? Are you a loving son, seeking to do his will? Are you an unwilling slave, serving him through fear? Are you a rebel, refusing your lawful duty? Youth often makes the mistake of living in the future, forgetting that we live only in the present, and that the future is conditioned on the past. To-day! This hour! It is the only time that is really ours. Are we living for righteousness? Are we putting first things first?"

Dr. Shepard was always the college physician, and often he would hold a little clinic of the students before breakfast, at his home on the college campus, or make a visit to the dormitory before he jumped on his horse to be off for the day's work at the hospital and in the city.

One day, as he was about to start for his afternoon's work, an excited group of boys rushed down to his house.

"Oh, *Doctor Effendi,*" gasped the one who reached him first, "Vartan has taken poison and is dying. Do come quick!"

Hastening to the dormitory, the doctor found the boy had taken a huge dose of opium. Nothing that he could do had any effect, and he knew the boy was sinking fast. It would be only a matter of minutes, now, before he would be beyond help.

"It is oxygen he needs," the doctor said, "if we only had some oxygen! Go quickly and get Professor Bezjian," he ordered, turning to one of the anxious boys. In a few moments the professor of physics appeared. "I need some oxygen, Professor," said the doctor; "can you generate some for me in short order?"

"I'll do my best," was the reply. Before many more minutes the boy was taking the oxygen, and the ebbing life came flowing back.

In the years to come, Professor Bezjian became one of Dr. Shepard's closest friends. A graduate of Yale University, an eager scientist, a keen thinker, a delightful humorist, he was a leader in his community in all things intellectual. Broad-

minded and tolerant in his religious ideals, he did much to draw Christian communities of different creeds into closer fellowship.

Another close friend among the college professors was Professor Levonian, one of the Christian martyrs of the Adana massacre. With his deeply spiritual nature and Christlike spirit, this friend worked with the doctor for the deeper spiritual life of the students and churches, and planned with him for the winning of the Moslems to a knowledge of their common Lord and Master.

From the first, Dr. and Mrs. Shepard took an active part in the work of the evangelical churches of Aintab. Before the missionaries ever came to Turkey, the Armenians had a Christian church of their own called the Gregorian church from the name of its founder, St. Gregory; but the services of the church were in Ancient Armenian. This is, to Modern Armenian, what the Anglo-Saxon of Chaucer is to our own English. The people could not understand it. Though they were so loyal to their faith as to be willing to die for it, yet too often it meant very little to them in their lives.

They had no Sunday-school and no prayer meetings, and few could read or understand the

Bible. When some of these people began to learn from the missionaries, the priests excommunicated them from the church. Thus they were forced to found a new church of their own and they called it the Evangelical Church. As, in the course of years, the number of these converts grew, they built three Evangelical Churches in the city of Aintab. Dr. and Mrs. Shepard joined one of these churches by letter from their own church in America.

Mrs. Shepard was particularly interested in Sunday-school work. Not only did she help in the church Sunday-schools, she formed classes for street urchins in different parts of the city. A college student who had consented to teach one of these classes walked through the streets, carrying a Sunday-school picture-roll. The children, many of whom had never seen a picture in their lives, crowded about to catch a glimpse of the new wonder. Then the teacher lead them into a room, and, hanging the picture on the wall, he told them its story. Pictures were such an attraction that they were given out as rewards of merit, and Mrs. Shepard distributed small Sunday-school picture-cards, sent from America, to thirty village Sunday-schools.

Mrs. Shepard did much, also, to bring about a better feeling between the old church (which was called the Mother Church) and the new. She often attended the services of the Gregorian Church and made friends with its priests and its people. One of her most successful Sunday-schools was started in this church after the massacres of 1895, when all Christians were drawn together by their common calamity. Getting some of the young people interested as teachers, she issued a call for the children to come to the old church on a certain Sunday. She did not expect more than a few to respond, but when she reached the church, there were the children—children in the church; children in the gallery; children about the doors and in the yard; children on the flat roof, peering down through the windows of the dome. Fifteen hundred strong they were, and new teachers had to be found to take charge of the large classes.

As the doctor's own religious life grew richer and deeper, year by year, more and more did the "life more abundant" become in him a well of water flowing out to others. Though Sunday afternoon was the only time he had a few hours to himself, he always attended church service with

his family. One evening of the busy week was given to church prayer-meeting, and often, after a heavy day's work, he would meet, far into the night, with the church committee, in order to plan for a building fund, a new evangelist, or some form of relief. He believed in putting responsibility on the natives and always worked shoulder to shoulder with these "Armenian brethren," as he always called them.

So many sudden professional calls came, that his stethoscope always decorated the pocket of even his Sunday suit, and while, as deacon in the church, he was ministering to the spiritual needs of his Christian brethren in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the sign of his constant ministry to their physical needs protruded from his pocket. The Armenian pastor of the church gave expression to this touching fact of his two-fold service in the following words:

The hands which skilfully exercised the surgeon's knife in the operating-room of the hospital, lovingly offered the sacred elements of the Holy Supper to hundreds, and the church was spiritually richer by reason of his influence.

In writing of one of the church meetings, the doctor said:

Last Sunday, Pastor Topalian gave a report of the missionary activity of the Second Church for the past year, and set forth the need of the pastor-less churches and communities in this region. After church, the missionary committee met and decided to send out at once two Bible women and two evangelists, on salary, and also arranged for voluntary evangelists to go out by twos, at their own expense, on tours to various needy regions. They went down into their pockets and subscribed for the next six months one third more than they gave last year, and they gave liberally last year, and this notwithstanding the crying need here at home. What church in America, with one fourth its whole membership on the relief-roll, would support five paid evangelists and send out a score of voluntary ones besides?

Besides the evangelists sent out into their own districts, the members of this church, one fourth of whom had to be given relief, undertook the support of a native evangelist in China. During the thirty years of Dr. Shepard's connection with these native churches, three revivals took place, and the results were evident by the addition of many new members.

"What kind of Christians do the Armenians make?" the doctor was once asked, when he was on furlough in America.

"A little better, on the whole, than the ones in America," was the quick reply.

Perhaps no one loved the doctor more than the little boys and girls in the orphanage. They were almost glad when one of their number was sick, so that they might see the doctor come riding up the hill on his fine horse, and catch his hearty laugh as he entered the yard, with some merry joke for the youngsters who ran to open the gate. And the little patients felt better as soon as they felt the doctor's tender touch and heard his gentle voice. Many a little prayer went up in the children's evening service for the dear doctor and his hospital. One of the things the orphans were taught was the making of Turkish rugs. When they had finished a very large and beautiful one they had been working on a long time, they begged that they might give it to their dear doctor.

"I thank you for the gift, with the love that lies behind it," said the doctor, "but don't you think it would be nice for me to send it to London to be sold, and then use the money for a children's ward in the hospital?"

What jolly times the doctor's own children had with him during the few hours he was at home. When they were small, there were delightful

evenings when they rode on the back of papa-bear or papa-elephant in the jungle of chairs and tables; then came a rough-and-tumble romp until they were sent scampering off to bed. There were stories before the open fire in the Franklin stove and the fifteen-minute game of tiddle-de-winks. As they grew older, there was a half hour of reading from some favorite book, or an experiment in physics with apparatus borrowed from the college laboratory.

And then the rare holidays. Often, on Thanksgiving or Christmas, papa was away on some wild winter ride to a patient, but when he was at home, there was the big dinner with all the American grown-ups.

But first came the prayer-meeting in the parlor, where everybody told what they were thankful for; then, when one just couldn't wait a minute longer, the last hymn was sung and they went down to the long, white table, decorated with red and brown grape-leaves, and covered with American goodies, even to yellow butter and real mince-pie. Papa's end of the table was always the jolliest; and afterwards, when they all played stage-coach, he it was who always told the liveliest yarn. Best of all were those glorious days

in camp in the Amanus Mountains. When, one by one, the children had to go to school in America, there were wonderful letters that told of dear, familiar things in the distant home.

Perhaps the separation from his sixteen-year-old son, in 1906, was the hardest thing the brave doctor had ever faced. Lorrin had become his close companion in all his outdoor sports and in all his hours at home. With what keen hopes did the doctor watch the development of the lad who already bore the stamp of his father's personality, and who had decided to follow in his steps. Two years after his son left home to be educated in the United States, the doctor wrote him a New Year's letter. After outlining the course of study his son would need to take in preparation for his chosen work, the father went on to say:

You will then be twenty-seven years of age, the age I was when I went to Turkey, but you will have had a much better training than I had, and will, by the grace of God, be a larger and better man in every way than your father. In looking forward eagerly to the future, do not forget that to-day is just as important as any day in the future is likely to be. Make the most of each day

as it comes. Do the very best that is in you each day, be it at work or play, and the future will take care of itself. He who wins to-day's battle need not fear for that of to-morrow. And that word "fear." Cast it out! Give it no place in your scheme of things. Fear nothing but God, and fear not him with any slavish fear. He is your loving Father. Hate sin and shun it, but fear it not, for the Lord Jesus has overcome it for you, and is able to keep you from sin. Believe that whatever man has done, you too can do. Expect great things, attempt great things, and, by the grace of God, you will do great things.

How I should love to be a boy again! To again experience the pleasure and the pain of the struggle into manhood. God be with you and bless you and strengthen you in it all. My powers are waning and the best of my life-work is done, but it is a great pleasure to me to see my children growing up, with a good prospect of carrying on the work to a higher plane of usefulness.

A few weeks after Lorrin graduated from High School, Dr. and Mrs. Shepard came to America for their third furlough. There was a glorious family reunion that summer, on the shores of Lake George. There was a wedding, too, for the younger daughter, who had just finished college, married the Rev. Ernest W. Riggs, the newly-ap-

pointed President of Euphrates College in Harpoot, not far from the black city of Diarbekir. Later, she sailed with him to a new home in Turkey. In the fall, Lorrin entered Yale University, and after the parents' furlough, the older daughter, Florence, went back with them to their home in Aintab.

Like a big family, too, was the little group of Americans among whom Dr. Shepard was now the senior missionary. More and more, as his experience added new weight to his naturally sound judgment, they turned to him for advice in every line of work. Yet, with all the added responsibility this brought upon him, he was always ready to join in the frolics of the young folk, where he was the life of the party, whether it were in chess, tennis, horseback rides, or picnics.

The doctor always called his missionary associates "brother." Once a week the little group of missionaries gathered for station prayer-meeting. At the first meeting which one of the young recruits, a recent arrival in Aintab, attended, Dr. Shepard turned to him and said, "Brother F., will you lead us in prayer?" The young fellow was so overcome by having the senior member

of the mission address him as "brother" that he had difficulty in responding to the request.

It was in these little gatherings that the doctor's missionary associates came to know his heart-life best. When it was his turn to lead, he seldom could get beyond the seventeenth chapter of St. John. As he spoke of that wonderful prayer of his Master that they all should be one, "even as we are," these friends learned the true secret of the doctor's life of tact and sympathy and love.

X

TRAGEDIES OF THE WAR

ONE of the most significant events in the Turkish Empire, during the thirty-three years of Dr. Shepard's service among its peoples, was the visit of the German Kaiser, William II., to Constantinople and Palestine. This visit cemented that friendship between the Sultan of Turkey and the Emperor of Germany, which bore such bitter fruit sixteen years later. Wherever the Kaiser stepped, on that memorable tour of triumph, he left the imprint of Kaiserdom. In one of the palace gardens of Constantinople, a gaudy fountain was erected in memory of that visit. In Abdul Hamid's palace, a photograph of the German imperial family stood in a golden frame set with brilliants, as a token of sealed friendship. In Palestine, one hundred and twenty miles of new macadamized roads were built for the Kaiser's convenience. The breach in the Jerusalem wall torn down for his triumphal entry; the portrait in

one of the Jerusalem churches showing that entry, with the Kaiser decked out as a crusader, while the eager throng welcomed him; the faded wreath of flowers placed by him at Saladin's tomb, where he made his famous declaration of friendship toward the Moslem world, "Tell the 300,000,000 Moslems of the world that I am their friend,"—all these bore witness to the purpose of his visit. At the famous ruins of Baalbec, in the ancient Temple of the Sun, he placed an inscription in German and Turkish, testifying to his unchangeable friendship and high regard for Abdul Hamid and his pleasure in visiting the ruins.

From the time of this visit, German propaganda spread rapidly. The Kaiser was henceforth known as *Hadji Wilhelm,* a term applied only to pilgrims to Mecca or Jerusalem. Portraits of his Majesty were sold everywhere, and pamphlets were distributed, showing that the Germans were descendants of Mohammed. In the mosques of Syria, Friday prayers were ended with an invocation for the welfare of the Sultan and *Hadji Wilhelm.*

Most significant of all, however, was the concession granted to Germany for the Koniah-Bagdad railroad. Thirteen years of German activity

had passed since this memorable visit when Dr. Shepard wrote concerning this railroad:

The Germans are finally pushing the Bagdad Railroad, and it gives employment, at hitherto unheard-of rates of wages, to a great many people; but closer contact with the real German does not increase the love of the people for him. The Germans are arrogant and selfish, and many of them are living on a low moral plane, in every respect. It is questionable whether their coming will work more good or evil to the empire. But one thing is certain, the Orient can no longer maintain its age-long quiescence, however rude the awakening.

The awakening for Turkey was indeed a rude one. Sold to Germany by her unscrupulous leaders, she was drawn into the fatal struggle. Long before war was declared, a sealed call to arms had been sent throughout the length and breadth of the land. By a mistake of the local officials, one of the government centers was placarded with these posters as soon as they arrived from Constantinople. When the mistake was discovered, police were sent out in hot haste to tear them all down again.

War, which meant fear and deprivation in all

lands, meant even more in Turkey; it spelled atrocities, starvation, utter ruin. In terse, vivid terms the first effects of the war felt in Aintab were set forth thus in a bulletin issued from Central Turkey College in the summer of 1914:

The new college year is ready to begin, and there were 51 new applications before the old year closed, but what changes a few weeks may bring forth. Almost like a thunder clap out of a clear sky comes a telegram, calling for the mobilization of all men between the ages of 18 and 45. All horses and wagons are seized for the army. Martial law is declared. The bank refuses to pay out its deposits. The stocks of merchants are depleted by the military; if protest is made, a larger demand results. If stores are closed to escape depredations, the government puts its seal on the door, confiscating everything. Supplies of wheat, gathered for winter sustenance, are seized in whole or in part for the army. Villagers will not come to the city with supplies, for fear their camels or donkeys will be seized. Tourists are stranded. Missionaries away on vacation cannot get back to their homes. Mails are cut off. Telegrams are not delivered, except at three times the usual price, and even then are greatly delayed. The wildest statements as to the European conflict are spread broadcast, only to be contradicted the next day. Conscrip-

tion continues. Men are brought into military camps and must provide their own subsistence. There are no uniforms, no guns, and very little food and water. Eight men of an Oorfa regiment die under the hardship of the march. Horses are tethered all day long under a broiling sun, with only one small feed to sustain life. Bullock-carts become baggage-wagons. After repeated delays, orders come to march; but why, and where, nobody seems to know. There is sorrow in the city. The breadwinners are gone and the army has taken the bread as well. If women and children are hungry now, in the full harvest time, what will it be when winter comes! And if we, on the outer edge of the conflict, see such distress, what must it be on the line of battle.

Although the college and hospital continued work throughout that first year, it was under the most trying circumstances. Nearly all the native physicians had been drafted into the army so that, although fewer patients came in from a distance, the work in the city fell to the hospital staff and they had more than they could do.

"You cannot realize," the doctor wrote, "the grief and the nervous strain which comes to the physician obliged to refuse, day after day and almost hour after hour, the piteous pleading of mothers for their sick children, wives for hus-

bands, etc. You know the Orient,—how the poor things grovel on the ground, kissing your feet and begging for God's sake, Christ's sake, your children's sake. The number of operations has been considerably less than usual, but the number of patients seen at the clinic and in their homes is much larger; over 6000 in the clinic, nearly 2000 in their homes, and about 800 pay patients, making in the neighborhood of 9000 patients for the year."

The hospital supplies and medicines were fast being used up and no new shipments could come in, because of the lack of transportation. Thirty cases of medicines on their way were requisitioned by the government in Alexandretta, and a large shipment could not get beyond Egypt.

Because of the war conditions described in the bulletin, famine stared the people in the face. Again the hospital soup-kitchen came to the rescue of hundreds of poor sick people; and, through a special gift from Mrs. Shepard's sister, Miss Andrews, and contributions from other friends, 12,000 meals of milk and biscuit, or soup and bread, were served during the winter.

Though the doctor's heart was sore with the suffering of the people, it was yet more bur-

dened with the deeper tragedy of the war. "The awful failure of Christianity in Europe," he wrote, "fills my heart with sadness. The fact that so large a proportion of the 'Christian world' can find in its conscience a sanction for war, somehow makes upon my mind a sadder and darker shadow than even the picture of all the untold, unspeakable distress of innocent women and children, all bereaved fathers and mothers, all the terrible waste of slowly-accumulated capital, all the set-backs of scientific and social progress. Will the so-called 'Christian world' ever come to believe that Christ meant what he said about loving one's neighbor as one's self? Will it ever accept, without a heavy discount, that wonderful chapter, I Cor., XIII."

Meanwhile, the storm clouds were gathering more thickly in the north. When a representative council of Armenians, in the city of Erzerum, refused to join the Turks in their fight against the Allies, the Germans and Turks united in a campaign of frightfulness against innocent Armenians generally. It included imprisonment, torture, and cold-blooded murder of the men, deportation of the women and children, sent out at an hour's notice from their homes, to wander

over desert paths, robbed of food and clothing, until those who were not actually butchered died of thirst, starvation, and disease. Never was a more tragic page of history written in the blood of the innocent. Not even the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition or the brutalities of Nero can compare with what these Christian people suffered at the instigation of a "Christian people." Never was death more steadfastly met than by the martyrs of this martyr nation; never were known more thrilling deeds of heroism than those by which the few survivors saved their lives; never was there a race who could face the future with so brave a front after so crushing a calamity.

"Give the Armenian twenty years after a massacre," was the common saying among the Turks, "and he is ready for another," so quickly did he recover, through thrift and industry, his lost prosperity.

When the wave of deportation had reached, and swept over, the neighboring towns and was threatening Aintab, Dr. Shepard made a strong appeal to the *Vali* [Governor General] of the province of Aleppo, and this official, who was a righteous man, firmly prevented the action being carried out.

Another righteous man of another town re-

fused to send out the innocent people of his city, saying, "You may deport me and my family, if you will, but I will not carry out these orders." He was soon removed from his post. The righteous *Vali* of Aleppo, too, was sent away, and the fiendish work ordered by the "Christian nation" still went on.

At first, only the members of the old Gregorian church, which was recognized as the Armenian National Church, were sent away; then the Protestant community was attacked. In this community were many of Dr. Shepard's closest friends, professors and teachers, pastors and church members, with whom he had worked many a year, shoulder to shoulder, for their common Master. Having failed in his efforts to save all, and broken-hearted at the thought of this final tragedy, Dr. Shepard started for Aleppo to make one last appeal. Nothing could be accomplished there. "The orders were from higher up." So the doctor decided to take his appeal higher, and set out on the long journey to Constantinople. Five days later he wrote that the Imperial Government had graciously granted immunity from deportation to the Protestant and Catholic Armenians. While in Constantinople, he yielded to the plea

for his assistance in the Red Cross hospital of Tash Kushla, which was full of wounded Turkish soldiers; for the Gallipoli campaign was at its height. For the next two months, with heavy heart but brave, in the spirit of his Master, he threw himself into the work of caring for the soldiers of the nation that was persecuting the Christian friends whom he could not save.

The doctor thus briefly described his work in the Tash Kushla hospital:

I begin my rounds of the wards at 8:30 A.M. I visit the 200-225 patients in my wards, writing on the chart of each whether his wound is to be dressed, what diet he is to have, his medicine, if any, etc. Then I go to the dressing-room where my assistants (one young doctor and four nurses) have saved up any cases needing my advice, and any new cases for diagnosis; and we are generally through with them all by half past twelve, and go to lunch at the French hospital, a five minutes' walk away. Then in the afternoon we do any operations needed.

Of the Turkish soldiers, the doctor wrote, "They make the best of patients, having fine courage and endurance. They are patient and grateful fellows, for the most part."

While Dr. Shepard was caring for the wounded soldiers in Constantinople, things were moving fast toward the final tragedy in Aintab. One day, late in August, word came to Dr. Hamilton at the hospital, which was closed as usual for the summer, that 1200 Armenian exiles, from a town nine days' journey to the north, had just been brought to the deportation camp outside the city, and that they needed the services of a doctor. Dr. Hamilton immediately asked permission to go with her nurses to the camp to care for these poor people. Three months they had been kept walking, over mountain and valley and plain, to cover what was really a nine days' journey. Just before starting out, they had paid a heavy blackmail to their Turkish guards to protect them, on their journey, from the wild Kurds. When they reached the mountains, part of this money was basely used by the guards to hire the wild Kurds to attack those who had paid them so heavily for protection. The work they had done was ghastly, and twenty-five of the victims were in such shape that Dr. Hamilton felt obliged to open the hospital and take them in. The hospital, however, had been promised for Red Cross service in the fall, so two weeks later these poor exiles

had to be moved to the hostel, while the wards were filled with Turkish soldiers. The worst cases were sent to the American hospital. The soldiers were grateful beyond measure for the care they received. The American hospital, with its cleanliness and order, was a paradise to them, after the unspeakable filth of their own barracks and hospitals.

In October, Dr. Shepard returned from Constantinople to take charge of his own hospital, now under the auspices of the American Red Cross, bringing with him eight bales of supplies and medicines to replenish the depleted stock. On his arrival in Aintab, he found, to his grief, that the immunity from deportation, which the Imperial Government had so graciously granted to Protestant and Catholic Armenians, was but a camouflage immunity. Several of the college professors and their families had already been deported, the young men had been scattered and killed, and no hope was left of re-opening the college that fall.

A few days later, word came from Oorfa of the death of the only American missionary in that city, and Dr. Shepard mounted his good horse and started over the road he had so often

traveled in brighter days at some urgent call. When he arrived there, he found the Armenian quarter of the city in ruins. When the order came for the deportation of Armenians in Oorfa, knowing what had befallen other exiles, they had refused to leave their homes, saying they preferred death there to the slow torture and horrors of the road. For several days they had bravely defended themselves, until the Turks had placed field-guns on the opposite hill and had blown the place to pieces. Out of five thousand houses, only forty were left untouched.

Then it was that the brave spirit, who had so often risked his own life to save one of these thousands who were being done to death, cried out in anguish, "My heart is broken, I can bear the burdens of Turkey no longer."

How different was the Thanksgiving Day in Aintab that year from the happy festivals of the years that had gone before. There was a little gathering at the college for the few students who still found refuge there. After the simple meal, when the doctor was called upon to speak, he could not find it in his heart to say aught but words befitting the tragedies of the hour.

"Our hearts are burdened with all we have

seen," he concluded. "I shall be very glad if the Lord shall see fit to call me home."

Within a few weeks the "call home" came, while the brave doctor was still serving the people, the sight of whose sufferings, with no power to save, had broken that great, tender, compassionate heart.

In some half-built houses beyond the college campus were herded hundreds of miserable exiles, with no bedding and no food, all of them alive with "cooties" and infected with typhus. Every other day, Dr. Hamilton went among these sufferers, giving what help she could, until she fell ill. After his return from Oorfa, Dr. Shepard took up the heart-rending task, and in spite of every precaution, he, too, fell a victim to the dread disease. When first he began to feel ill, he, as always, sought relief in a trip after partridges in the hunting-ground where he had so often regained vigor for another term of work. Then, as he realized what the disease was, with brave heart he said, "If the Lord spare me, I shall be immune to fight the epidemic which is sure to follow in the winter." On the fourth day he mounted his horse and rode to the hospital to see Dr. Hamilton, who lay near death's door with

the same disease. "Well, 'Richard's himself again' when he gets on his horse," he smiled as he swung into the saddle. On his return from the hospital, Dr. Shepard went to see the college students who were sick with typhus in the dormitory. This was the last service rendered by the great-hearted man.

Nine days later, the Beloved Physician entered into rest. After he became unconscious, a cordon of soldiers was placed between the college and the city, and the final deportations of all the Armenians began. The great tragedy had come; but the broken heart had passed beyond the veil and was at rest. A beautiful smile passed over his face at the last moment and lingered there.

"I have never seen Jesus," said a poor Armenian, "but I have seen Dr. Shepard."

And one of his missionary associates wrote, "I instinctively think of the Master when I think of Dr. Shepard."

There was a simple little service at the cemetery in one corner of the college campus, where several of the doctor's missionary friends had been laid to rest. The college students begged the privilege of bearing the casket. So troubled were the times that only a small group of representa-

tive men were sent by the government to pay tribute to the life that had been poured out for their country, and but a few of the hospital workers and other Armenian friends could come, by special permit, to offer their last token of love to the Beloved Physician.

"I cannot think of him as sympathizing with us as we mourn the loss of his earthly presence," wrote a missionary friend, "because he was of heroic mold and would have us always do as he himself always sought to do,—meet the day's experiences with stout hearts and firm faith in the loving providences of God."

One day, some weeks after, *Mahmoud Agha,* the Kurdish friend, appeared at the college gate, riding his old white mare. Leaving her there, he walked alone to the little cemetery and, standing with folded arms, gazed long at the mound beneath which his friend lay, while great sighs shook his frame. Then silently he turned away.

POSTLUDE

THE chapel was full. Almost every seat was taken. Many of the people had never before seen a missionary starting out on his journey. There were special circumstances on this occasion. The young man and his wife were going to take the place of the father who fell at his post, of the disease he had been fighting. His mother was present at the service, just arrived, after four years of horror, including massacre, deportation, and disease in Turkey. What must have been her thoughts as her son stepped forward to take the place of the father who had fallen in action!

The surpliced choir sang an anthem of triumph. The sermon of the evening dwelt on the glory of a life invested where it brings great returns. Contrast was drawn between the first efforts of a hundred years ago and the present.

The beautiful words of personal greeting were spoken by the pastor, and then the two young missionaries made reply in words of simplicity,

of deep spiritual truth, and of heroism. The wife said: "Our hearts are full to-night, too full for expression. We go to represent all of you, and we can only promise you that we will do our best."

The doctor-husband added thoughts like these: "We are glad to be starting for Turkey. It is not a great thing to do. The rich life of my father is one to beckon, not to deter. Suppose that one does lay down a life in such service in the future, distant or near, what of it? It is the spirit of the hour. Any man unwilling to die for the Cause he fights for is unfitted to live for *any Cause*. Thousands of men have died for our country and for the world. Surely, we all must be more than willing to die, if need be, for this cause of righteousness, this multiplying of Christ throughout the earth. Should we count it hard or seek to avoid so plain and clear an issue? Spiritual investment of life awaits us out there, and we shall count upon this church to back us up, while we go to prove the promises and the power of Christ."

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